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ANON.

It had pleased God to form poor Ned
A thing of idiot mind,
Yet to the poor unreasoning boy
God had not been unkind.

Old Sarah loved her helpless child,
Whom helplessness made dear,
And life was everything to him
Who knew no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants—she understood
Each half articulate call,
For he was everything to her,
And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they lived,
Nor knew a wish beside;
But age at length on Sarah came,
And she fell sick and died.

He tried in vain to waken her,
He called her o'er and o'er;
They told him she was dead—the words
To him no import bore.

They closed her eyes and shrouded her,
Whilst he stood wond'ring by,
And when they bore her to the grave
He followed silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,
And sung the funeral stave,
And when the mournful train dispersed
He loitered by the grave.

The rabble boys that used to jeer
Whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watched him at the grave,
And not a word was said.

They came, and went, and came again,
And night at last drew on;
Yet still he lingered at the place
Till every one had gone;

And when he found himself alone
He quick removed the clay,
And raised the coffin in his arms,
And bore it swift away.

Straight went he to his mother's cot,
And laid it on the floor,
And with the eagerness of joy
He barred the cottage door.

At once he placed his mother's corpse
Upright within her chair,
And then he heaped the hearth and blew
The kindling fire with care.

She now was in her wonted chair;
It was her wonted place;
And bright the fire blazed and flashed,
Reflected from her face.

Then bending down, he'd feel her hands,
Anon her face behold;
Why, mother, do you look so pale,
And why are you so cold?

And when the neighbors, on next morn,
Had forced the cottage door,
Old Sarah's corpse was in the chair
And Ned's was on the floor!

It had pleased God from this poor boy
His only friend to call;
Yet God was not unkind to him,
For death restored him all.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O. W. HOLMES.

O, for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished for day?"

Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind—
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband, too!

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all;
I'll take—my—girls—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen—
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father, too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

BE PATIENT.

R. C. TRENCH.

Be patient! Oh, be patient! Put your ear against the earth;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth—
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in the day.

Be patient! Oh, be patient! The germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must underground be wrought;
But as sure as there's a power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty, the blade time shall be here.

Be patient! Oh, be patient! Go and watch the wheat ears grow—
So imperceptibly that you can mark nor change nor throe—
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown,
And then again, day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient! Oh, be patient! though yet our hopes are green,
The harvest fields of freedom shall be crowned with sunny sheen.
Be ripening! be ripening! Mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on freedom's harvest day!

THE ORDER OF NATURE.

ALEXANDER POPE.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns.
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects and equals all.

Cease, then, nor ORDER imperfection name—
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point. This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.

Submit, in this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one Disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good;
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear—WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

THE PILOT.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Oh, pilot! 'tis a fearful night—there's danger on the deep;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee—I do not dare to sleep.
"Go down," the sailor cried, "go down; this is no place for thee:
Fear not, but trust in Providence, wherever thou may'st be."

Ah, pilot! dangers often met we all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves but to subdue their might
"It is not apathy," he cried, "that gives this strength to me;
Fear not, but trust in Providence, wherever thou may'st be.

"On such a night the sea engulfed my father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down in just so wild a storm;
And such, perhaps, may be my fate; but still I say to thee,
Fear not, but trust in Providence, wherever thou may'st be."

THE HEAVENLY SECRET.

GEORGE COOPER.

Does the dark and soundless river
Stretch so wide—
The homeward-rolling tide
O'er which have crossed
Our loved and early lost—

That their unsealed eyes may never see
The further side,
Where still amid this toil and misery
We bide?

Is the realm of their transition
Close at hand
To this, our living land?
Nearer than we dream?
Can they catch the gleam
Of our smiles, and hear the words we speak,
And see our deeds?
And, looking deeper than our eyes may seek,
Our needs?

Do they mingle in our gladness?
Do they grieve
When ways of good we leave?
Do they know each thought and hope,
While here in shade we grope?
Can they hear the future's high behest,
Yet lack the power
To lead us from our ills, or to arrest
The hour?

When they find us bowed with sorrow
Do they sigh?
Or when earth passes by,
For them, do they forget
The cares that here beset
Their well beloved? Or do they wait
(Oh, be it thus!)
And watch beside the golden gate
For us?

We are yearning for their secret!
Though we call,
No answers ever fall
Upon our dullard ears
To quell our nameless tears.

Yet God is over all, whate'er may be,
And, trusting so,
Patience, my heart, a little while, and we
Shall know.

A COB-HOUSE.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

Willie and Charley, eight and ten,
Were under the porch in the noonday heat;
I could hear and see the little men,
Unseen myself, in the window seat.

Will on a cob-house was hard at work,
With a zeal that was funny enough to me.
At eight, one has hardly learned to shirk—
That comes later, as you will see.

For Charley, by virtue of riper age,
Did nothing but stand and criticise;
His hands in his pockets, stage by stage
He watched the tottering castle rise.

"And now, after all your fuss," says he,
"S'posing it tumbles down again?"
"O," Will answers, as cool as could be,
"Of course I should build it better then."

Charley shook sagely his curly head,
Opened his eyes of dancing brown,
And then, for a final poser, said,
"But s'posing it always kept tumbling down?"

Will, however, was not of the stuff
At a loss to be taken so;
"Why, then," he answered, ready enough,
"I should keep on building it better, you know."

And, seeing the wise world's hardest knot
Cut at a stroke with such simple skill,
Older people than Charley, I thought,
Might learn a lesson of Master Will.

AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORLD.

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

What, it is asked, has this Nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government—uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion and equality of rights with national power and dignity—such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated in sober reality numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are but now received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth, on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than half a century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations; every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No, Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests or along the banks of our rivers, yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed

asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations. Land of Refuge—Land of Benedictions! those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls and plenteousness within thy palaces!" "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from Heaven!"

MILKING TIME.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

The sun is low and the sky is red;
Over meadows in rick and mow,
And out of the bush grass, overfed,
The cattle are winding slow;
A milky fragrance about them breathes
As they loiter, one by one,
Over the fallow and out of the sheaths
Of the lake grass in the sun.
And hark! in the distance, the cattle-bells,
How musically they steal—
Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Browny and Barleymeal

From standing in shadowy pools at noon,
With the water udder deep,
In the sleepy rivers of easy June,
With the skies above asleep—
Just a leaf astir on orange or oak,
And the palm-flower thirsting in halves,
They wait for the sign of the falling smoke,
And the evening bleat of the calves.
And hark! in the distance the cattle-bells,
How musically they steal--
Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Browny and Barleymeal!

THE TRUE KING.

[*Translated from Seneca, by Leigh Hunt.*]

'Tis not wealth that makes a King,
Nor the purple coloring;
Nor a brow that's bound with gold,
Nor gate on mighty hinges rolled.

The King is he who, void of fear,
Looks abroad with bosom clear;
Who can tread ambition down,
Nor be swayed by smile or frown;
Nor for all the treasure cares
That mine conceals or harvest wears,
Or that golden sands deliver,
Bosomed in a glassy river.

What shall move his placid might?
Not the headlong thunder-light,
Nor all the shapes of slaughter's trade,
With onward lance or fiery blade.
Safe, with wisdom for his crown,
He looks on all things calmly down;
He welcomes Fate when Fate is near,
Nor taints his dying breath with fear.

No—to fear not earthly thing,
This it is that makes the King;
And all of us, whoe'er we be
May carve us out that royalty.

THE TIGER.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Tiger! tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art
Could twist the sinews of thine heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand, and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

HANNIBAL TO HIS ARMY.

[*Abridgment from Livy.*]

Here, soldiers, you must either conquer or die! On the right and left two seas enclose you, and you have no ship to fly to for escape. The river Po around you—the Po, larger and more impetuous than the Rhone—the Alps behind, scarcely passed by you when fresh and vigorous, hem you in. Here Fortune has granted you the termination of your labors; here she will bestow a reward worthy of the service you have undergone. All the spoils that Rome has amassed by so many triumphs will be yours. Think not that, in proportion as this war is great in name, the victory will be difficult.

From the Pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the remotest limits of the world, over mountains and rivers, you have advanced victorious through the fiercest nations of Gaul and Spain. And with whom are you now to fight? With a raw army, which this very summer was beaten, conquered and surrounded! an army unknown to their leader and he to them! Shall I compare myself, almost born and certainly bred in the tent of my father, that illustrious commander—myself, the conqueror not only of the Alpine Nations but of the Alps themselves—myself, who was the pupil of you all before I became your commander—to this six months general? or shall I compare *his* army with *mine?*

On what side soever I turn my eyes I behold all full of courage and strength: a veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry; you, our allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause but the justest anger impels to battle. The valor, the confidence of invaders are ever greater than those of the defensive party. As the assailants in this war, we pour down, with hostile standards, upon Italy. We bring the war. Suffering, injury and indignity fire our minds. First they demanded me, your leader, for punishment; and then all of you, who had laid siege to Saguntum. And, had we been given up, they would have visited us with the severest tortures. Cruel and haughty nation! Everything must be *yours*, and at *your* disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall have war, with whom peace! You are to shut us up by the boundaries of mountains and rivers, which we must not pass! But you—*you* are not to observe the limits yourselves have appointed! "Pass not the Iberus!" What next? "Saguntum is on the Iberus. You must not move a step in any direction!" Is it a small thing that you have deprived us of our most ancient provinces, Sicily and Sardinia? Will you take Spain also? Should we yield Spain, you will cross over into Africa. *Will* cross, did I say? They have sent the two Consuls of this year, one to Africa, the other to Spain.

Soldiers, there is nothing left to us, in any quarter, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Let those be cowards who have something to look back upon; whom, flying through safe and unmolested roads, their own country will receive. There is a necessity

for *us* to be brave. There is no alternative but victory or death! and, if it must be *death*, who would not rather encounter it in battle than in flight? The immortal gods could give no stronger incentive to victory. Let but these truths be fixed in your minds, and once again I proclaim, you are conquerors!

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

WILLIAM KNOX.

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade—
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie:

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed
Each, all are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who have loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we view the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death that we shrink from our fathers would shrink
To the life that we cling to they also would cling,
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay! they died; and we, things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

A SONG OF THE CAMP.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under:
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing, while we may; another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl! her name he dared not speak;
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory,
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

POLONIUS TO LAERTES.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

My blessing with you!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

RICHELIEU AND FRANCE.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

My liege, your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers; but my name, my deeds,
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre.
Pass sentence on me, if you will; from kings,
Lo, I appeal to time! Be just, my liege.
I found your kingdom rent with heresies
And bristling with rebellion; lawless nobles
And dreadless serfs; England fomenting discord;
Austria, her clutch on your dominion; Spain
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
To armèd thunderbolts. The arts lay dead;
Trade rotted in your marts; your armies mutinous,
Your treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
Your trust? so be it! and I leave you sole,
Supremest monarch of the mightiest realm
From Ganges to the icebergs. Look without—
No foe not humbled! Look within—the Arts
Quit, for our school, their old Hesperides,
The golden Italy! while throughout the veins
Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
Trade, the calm health of nations! Sire, I know
That men have called me cruel;

I am not; I am *just!* I found France rent asunder;
The rich men despots, the poor banditti;
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to rebellion, and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have re-created France; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization, on her luminous wings,
Soars, phœnix-like, to Jove! What was my art?
Genius, some say; some, fortune; witchcraft some.
Not so. My art was JUSTICE!

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

O. W. HOLMES.

This is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl
And every chambered cell
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft steps its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build me more stately mansions, O my soul!
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by Life's unresting sea!

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

O, woman of three cows, agrah! don't let your tongue thus rattle!
O, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle!
I've seen—and here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you! don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good woman of three cows!

See where Mononea's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants!
'Tis they that won the glorious name and had the grand attendants.
If they were forced to bow to Fate as every mortal bows,
Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my woman of three cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Morrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.

Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
Yet you can give yourself these airs, O, woman of three cows!

O, think of Donnel of the ships, the chief whom nothing daunted—
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse;
Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good woman of three cows?

Your neighbor's poor, and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
Because, forsooth, you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has.
That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;
But if you're strong, be merciful, great woman of three cows!

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
I'd scold you well to cure your pride, my woman of three cows!

LIFE.

ANNA LÆTETIA BARBAULD.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part·
And when, or where, or how me met,
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night; but, in some brighter clime,
Bid me Good Morning.

WAT TYLER'S ADDRESS TO THE KING.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

King of England!
Petitioning for pity is most weak—
The sovereign people ought to *demand* justice.
I lead them here against the Lord's anointed,
Because his ministers have made him odious!
His yoke is heavy and his burden grievous.
Why do ye carry on this fatal war,
To force upon the French a king they hate?
Tearing our young men from their peaceful homes,
Forcing his hard-earned fruits from the honest peasant,
Distressing us to desolate our neighbors?
Why is this ruinous poll-tax imposed,
But to support your court's extravagance,
And your mad title to the crown of France?
Shall we sit tamely down beneath these evils,
Petitioning for pity? King of England!
Why are we sold like cattle in your markets,
Deprived of every privilege of man?
Must we lie tamely at our tyrants' feet,
And, like your spaniels, lick the hand that beats us?
You sit at ease in your gay palaces;
The costly banquet courts your appetite;
Sweet music soothes your slumbers: we, the while,
Scarce by hard toil can earn a little food,
And sleep scarce sheltered from the cold night-wind,
Whilst your wild projects wrest the little from us
Which might have cheered the wintry hours of age!

The Parliament forever asks more money;
We toil and sweat for money for your taxes.
Where is the benefit, what good reap *we*
From all the counsels of your government?
Think you that we should quarrel with the French?
What boots to *us* your victories, your glory?
We pay, we fight—*you* profit at your ease!

Do you not claim the country as your own?
Do you not call the venison of the forest,
The birds of Heaven, your own—prohibiting us,
Even though in want of food, to seize the prey
Which Nature offers? King! is all this just?
Think you we do not feel the wrongs we suffer?
The hour of retribution is at hand,
And tyrants tremble—mark me, King of England!

TOUJOURS AMOUR.

E. C. STEDMAN.

Prithee, tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age does love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen.
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair;
When did'st learn a heart to win?
Prithee, tell me, Dimple-Chin!
"Oh," the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you, if I try—
'Tis so long I can't remember;
Ask some younger lass than I."

Tell, oh, tell me, Grizzled-Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary Love expire?
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?
Care you still soft hands to press?
Bonny heads to smoothe and bless?
When does Love give up the chase?

Tell, oh, tell me, Grizzled-Face!
"Ah," the wise old lips reply,
"Youth may pass and strength may die;
But of Love I can't foretoken;
Ask some older sage than I!"

WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

J. S. KNOWLES.

Ye crags and peaks I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye gods of liberty
I'm with you once again! I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

——— Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
O'er the abyss; his broad expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath

And round about; absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. I could not shoot!
'Twas Liberty! I turned my bow aside
And let him soar away!

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

SHAKESPEARE.

To be, or not to be—that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to *suffer*
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them. To die—to sleep—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! To die—to sleep;
To sleep? perchance to *dream;* ay, there's the rub;
For, in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause! There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?
Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

THE VOICELESS.

O. W. HOLMES.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet-wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose voice has told their heart's sad story;
Weep for the voiceless who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
O'er nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lips and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow dropped from misery's crushing presses!
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

ROME AND CARTHAGE.

VICTOR HUGO.

Rome and Carthage! Behold them drawing near for the struggle that is to shake the world! Carthage, the metropolis of Africa, is the mistress of oceans, of kingdoms, and of nations; a magnificent city, burthened with opulence, radiant with the strange arts and trophies of the East. She is at the acme of her civilization. She can mount no higher. Any change now must be a decline. Rome is comparatively poor. She has seized all within her grasp, but rather from the lust of conquest than to fill her own coffers. She is demi-barbarous, and has her education and her future both to make. All is before her—nothing behind. For a time these two nations exist in view of each other. The one reposes in the noontide of her splendor, the other waxes strong in the shade. But, little by little, air and space are wanting to each for her development. Rome begins to perplex Carthage, and Carthage is an eyesore to Rome. Seated on opposite banks of the Mediterranean, the two cities look each other in the face. The sea no longer keeps them apart. Europe and Africa weigh upon each other. Like two clouds surcharged with electricity they impend. With their contact must come the thunder shock.

The catastrophe of this stupendous drama is at hand. What actors are met! Two races—that of merchants and mariners, that of laborers and soldiers; two nations—the one dominant by gold, the other by steel; two republics—the one theocratic, the other aristocratic. Rome and Carthage! Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet; Carthage, old, rich and crafty—Rome, young, poor and robust; the past and the future; the spirit of discovery, and the spirit of conquest; the genius of commerce, the demon of war; the East and the South on one side, the West and the North on the other; in short, two worlds—the civilization of Africa, and the civilization of Europe. They measure each other from head to foot. They gather all their forces. Gradually the war kindles. The world takes fire. These colossal powers are locked in deadly strife. Carthage has crossed the Alps; Rome, the seas. The two nations, personified in two men, Hannibal and Scipio, close with each other,

wrestle and grow infuriate. The duel is desperate. It is a struggle for life. Rome wavers. She utters that cry of anguish—*Hannibal at the gates!* But she rallies—collects all her strength for one last, appalling effort—throws herself upon Carthage, and sweeps her from the face of the earth!

KATYDID.

O. W. HOLMES.

I love to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks—
Old gentlefolks are they—
Thou sayest an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes
So pertinent and shrill.
I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree—
A knot of spinster Katydids—
Do Katydids drink tea?

Oh, tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done!

MARULLUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.

SHAKESPEARE.

Wherefore rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph?
What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts—you cruel men of Rome
Know ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows—yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The life-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you *now* put on your best attire?
And do you *now* cull out a holiday?
And do you *now* strew flowers in *his* way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude!

"INTRA, MINTRA, CUTRA, CORN."

Ten small hands upon the spread,
Five forms kneeling beside the bed,
Blue Eyes, Black Eyes, Curly Head,

Blonde, Brunette, in a glee and a glow,
Waiting the magic word. Such a row!
Seven years, six years, five, four, two!

Fifty fingers all in a line
(Yours are thirty and twenty are mine),
Ten sweet eyes that sparkle and shine.

Motherly Mary, age of ten,
Evens the finger tips again,
Glances along the line, and then—

"Intra, mintra, cutra, corn,
Apple-seed and apple-thorn,
Wire, briar, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock,
Rible, roble, rable and rout,
Y. O. U. T.
Out!"

Sentence falls on Curly Head;
One wee digit is "gone and dead,"
Nine and forty are left on the spread.

"Intra, mintra," the fiat goes,
Who'll be taken nobody knows—
Only God may the lot dispose.

Is it more than a childish play?
Still you sigh and turn away.
Why? What pain in the sight, I pray?

Ah! too true; as the fingers fall,
One by one the magic call,
Till, at last, chance reaches all.

So, in the fateful days to come,
The lot shall fall in many a home
That breaks a heart and fills a tomb—

Shall fall, and fall, and fall again,
Like a law that counts our love but vain,
Like a fate unheeding our woe and pain.

One by one—and who shall say
Whether the lot may fall this day
That calleth these dear babes away?

True, too true! Yet hold, dear friend;
Evermore doth the lot depend
On Him who loved, and loves to the end.

Blind to our eyes that fiat goes,
Who'll be taken no mortal knows;
But only Love will the lot dispose.

Only Love, with his wiser sight;
Love alone, in his infinite might;
Love, who dwells in eternal light.

Now are the fifty fingers gone
To play some new play under the sun—
The childish fancy is past and gone.

So let our boding prophecies go
As childish, for do we not surely know
The dear God holds our lot below?

OUTWARD BOUND.

HENRY ASTEN.

The slanting deck betokens wind,
The cordage all begins to crack;
Of snapping shroud and groaning mast,
And salt sea-breeze, there is no lack.

The schooners creep along the coast;
A steamer's smoke outlines the sky;
The larger sail an offing make,
The jolly pilot shouts "Good-by!"

Then back to wife and friends and home
His boat stands shoreward on our lee;
He soon will anchor in the bay,
While we are rushing out to sea.

The sun has set—the stretch of shore
Now smaller, thinner seems to shrink,
And, on the headland of the cape,
The tower-light begins to blink.

Our captain speaks the destined course,
Then walks the deck with measured tread,
And, as he scans alow, aloft,
The beacon stars gleam overhead.

And we two by the taffrail stand;
Then, turning from the darkening skies,
We touch each other's hands and lips,
And landward look with longing eyes.

For, though we hope for brighter scenes,
And leave behind us hurt and wound,
Our eyes still seek the lessening light—
We're outward bound! we're outward bound!

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

ROBERT BROWNING.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon;
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day,
With neck out-thrust—you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as, perhaps, he mused: "My plans,
That soar to earth, may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smoke there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy;
You hardly could suspect

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)—
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace,
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye,
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" and his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

THE BELLS.

EDGAR A. POE.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle dove that listens while she gloats
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

Hear the loud alarum bells!
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
To the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats,
Is a groan!
And the people—ah! the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone;
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—

They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls!
And their king it is who tolls,
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main:
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither, my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank.
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

AYTOUN.

Come hither, Evan Cameron, come stand beside my knee;
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea.
There's shouting on the mountain side, there's war within the blast,
Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past.
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host through wild Lochaber's snows
What time the plaided clans came down to battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the southrons fell beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee, and tamed the Lindsay's pride;
But never have I told thee yet how the Great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes—O, deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's name,
Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by armèd men—
Face him as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down.

They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there, and not a 'fenceless man.
But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,
The rabble rout forbore to shout, and each man held his breath;
For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with death.

Had I been there, with sword in hand, and fifty Camerons by,
That day, through high Dunédin's streets had pealed the slogan cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse, nor might of mailèd men,
Not all the rebels in the South had borne us backwards then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him there!

It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet on that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warriston, to read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the room.

"Now, by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross that waves above us there—
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—and O, that such should be!
By that dark stream of royal blood that lies 'twixt you and me—
I have not sought in battle field a wreath of such renown,
Nor hoped I on my dying day to win the martyr's crown!

"There is a chamber far away, where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye've named for me than by my father's grave.

For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might, this hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still in the eye of earth and Heaven;
Then nail my head on yonder tower—give every town a limb—
And God who made, shall gather them; I go from you to him!"

The morning dawned full darkly; like a bridegroom from his room
Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead, there was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die.
There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marveled as they saw him pass, that great and goodly man.

Then radiant and serene he stood, and cast his cloak away,
For he had ta'en his latest look of earth, and sun, and day.
He mounted up the scaffold, and he turned him to the crowd,
But they dared not trust the people, so he might not speak aloud;
But he looked upon the heavens, and they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether the eye of God shone through.

A beam of light fell o'er him, like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder as it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning thunder roll;
And no man dared to look aloft—fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound, a hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—the work of death was done!

VICTOR GALBRAITH.

LONGFELLOW.

Under the walls of Monterey
At daybreak the bugles began to play,
Victor Galbraith!
In the midst of the morning, damp and gray
These were the words they seemed to say:
"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith!"

Forth he came, with a martial tread;
Firm was his step, erect his head;
Victor Galbraith,
He, who so well the bugle played,
Could not mistake the words it said·
"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith!"

He looked at the earth, he looked at the sky,
He looked at the files of musketry,
Victor Galbraith!
And he said, with a steady voice and eye:
"Take good aim; I am ready to die!"
Thus challenges death
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red,
Six leaden balls on their errand sped.
Victor Galbraith
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead;
His name was not stamped on those balls of lead,
And they only scath
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,
But he rises out of the dust again,
Victor Galbraith!
The water he drinks has a bloody stain;
"O kill me, and put me out of my pain!"
In his agony prayeth
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of flame,
And the bugler has died a death of shame,
Victor Galbraith!
His soul has gone back to whence it came,
And no one answers to the name,
When the sergeant sayeth,
"Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey
By night a bugle is heard to play,
Victor Galbraith!
Through the mist of the valley, damp and gray,
The sentinels hear the sound and say,
"That is the wraith
Of Victor Galbraith!"

KILLED AT THE FORD.

LONGFELLOW.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth—
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket guard at the ford—
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song;
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of the wood, and the voice was still;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain

Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp,
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one just over his heart, blood-red!

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry.
And a bell was tolled in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

SPEECH OF CASSIUS, INSTIGATING BRUTUS TO JOIN THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST CÆSAR.

SHAKESPEARE.

Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,

And stemming it with hearts of controversy
But, ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink!*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre. I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinias,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone!
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar; what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he has grown so great? Age! thou art shamed;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?

When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king!

MARK ANTONY TO THE PEOPLE ON CÆSAR'S DEATH.

SHAKESPEARE.

Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is often interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it!
Here, under care of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man!
So are they all—all honorable men!—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me.
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man!
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff!
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man!
You all did see that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man!
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once—not without cause.
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world. Now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence!
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men!
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men!
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet—'tis his will!
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue!

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on.
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent—
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through!
See what a rent the envious Casca made!

Through this the well belovèd Brutus stabbed,
And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O ye gods! how dearly Cæsar loved him;
This was the most unkindest cut of all!
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart,
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue—
Which all the while ran blood—great Cæsar fell!
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us!
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops!
Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself—marred, as you see, by traitors!
Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That loves my friend—and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him—
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood. I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds—poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus, Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

WILLIAM TELL IN WAIT FOR GESSLER.

SCHILLER.

Here thro' this deep defile he needs must pass.
There leads no other road to Küssnacht: here
I'll do it—the opportunity is good.
Yon alder tree stands well for my concealment.
Thence my avenging shaft will surely reach him;
The straightness of the path forbids pursuit.
Now, Gessler, balance thine account with Heaven!
Thou must away from earth—thy sand is run.

I led a peaceful, inoffensive life;
My bow was bent on forest game alone,
And my pure soul was free from thoughts of murder.
But thou hast scared me from my dream of peace;
The milk of human kindness thou hast turned
To rankling poison in my breast, and made
Appalling deeds familiar to my soul.
He who could make his own child's head his mark,
Can speed his arrow to his foeman's heart.

My children dear, my loved and faithful wife,
Must be protected, tyrant, from thy fury!
When last I drew my bow, with trembling hand,
And thou, with murderous joy, a father forced
To level at his child—when all in vain,
Writhing before thee, I implored thy mercy—
Then, in the agony of my soul, I vowed
A fearful oath, which met God's ear alone,
That when my bow next winged an arrow's flight
Its aim should be thy heart. The vow I made

Amid the hellish torments of that moment
I hold a sacred debt, and I will pay it.

Thou art, my lord, my Emperor's delegate,
Yet would the Emperor not have stretched his power
So far as thou. He sent thee to these Cantons
To deal forth law—stern law—for he is angered;
But not to wanton with unbridled will
In every cruelty with fiend-like joy—
There is a God to punish and avenge.

Well, I am watching for a noble prey
Does not the huntsman, with severest toil,
Roam for whole days amid the winter's cold,
Leap with a daring bound from rock to rock,
And climb the jagged, slippery steeps, to which
His limbs are glued by his own streaming blood—
And all this but to gain a wretched chamois?
A far more precious prize is now my aim—
The heart of that dire foe who would destroy me.

From my first years of boyhood I have used
The bow—been practised in the archer's feats;
The bull's eye many a time my shafts have hit,
And many a goodly prize have I brought home,
Won in the game of skill. This day I'll make
My master-shot, and win the highest prize
Within the whole circumference of the mountains.

Come forth, thou bringer once of bitter pangs,
[*Draws an arrow from his belt.*]
My precious jewel now—my chiefest treasure—
A mark I'll set thee, which the cry of grief
Could never penetrate—but thou shalt pierce it;
And thou, my trusty bow-string, that so oft
Has served me faithfully in sportive scenes,
Desert me not in this most serious hour;
Only be true this once, my own good cord,
Thou hast so often winged the biting shaft;
For shouldst thou fly successless from my hand,
I have no second to send after thee.

THE FATE OF VIRGINIA.

MACAULAY.

"Why is the forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?"
"Claimed as a slave, a free born maid is dragged here from her home.
On fair Virginia Claudius has cast his eye of blight:
The tyrant's creature, Marcus, asserts an owner's right.
Oh, shame on Roman manhood! Was ever plot more clear?
But look! the maiden's father comes! Behold Virginius here!"

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide:
Hard by a butcher on a block had laid his whittle down—
Virginius caught the whittle up and hid it his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child,
Farewell!
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls—
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls—
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom.
And, for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. The tyrant points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit he little deems, that spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left;
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage, which thou knowest not—which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss
And now mine own dear little girl there is no way but this!"
With that he lifted high the steel and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.
Then, for a little moment all people held their breath,
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment broke forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall:

Till with white lips and bloodshot eyes Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment seat, and held the knife on high.
"O dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And e'en as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child; then, where the body lay,
Pausing, he cast one haggard glance, and turned and went his way.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head!"
He looked upon his clients—but none would work his will;
He looked upon his lictors—but they trembled and stood still.
And as Virginus through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

CAVALRY SONG.

E. C. STEDMAN.

Our good steeds snuff the evening air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle·
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!
Halt!
Each carbine send its whizzing ball:
Now cling! clang! forward all
Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome,
Though level lightnings gallop nearer!
One look to heaven! No thoughts of home:
The guidons that we bear are dearer.
Charge!
Cling! clang! forward all!
Heaven help those whose horses fall!
Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!
They fall, they spread in broken surges.
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
And leave the foeman to his dirges.
Wheel!
The bugles sound the swift recall:
Cling! clang! backward all!
Home, and good night!

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew!
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place.
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit—
Nor galloped less steadily Roland, a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokéren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low heart and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hassett Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest; saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky,
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble, like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop!" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled, neck and croup, over—lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from its fate,
With his nostrils, like pits, full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrups, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees, on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent!

LIFE.

BARRY CORNWALL.

We are born; we laugh, we weep,
  We love, we droop, we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
  Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
    Alas! not I.

Why doth the violet spring
  Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
  Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
    To things that die?

We toil through pain and wrong;
  We fight and fly;
We love, we lose; and then, ere long
  Stone dead we lie.
O life! is all thy song
    "Endure and die?"

THE VOICE OF GOD.

W. DOWNING EVANS.

The sounds of winds, and waves, and trees!
Ah! who hath listened once to these,
And heard not, in each fluent tone,
The voice of the eternal One?

The winds!—they come on viewless wing,
  Down from the pearly gates of bliss,
And thence those rapturous accents bring
  Of Heaven pervading emphasis;

To meet them in their downward flight
  The lark upsoars at early day—
First he to catch the deep delight,
  And, joyous, greet th' inspiring lay
First he to touch dull mortal's ear
Th' approach of Deity to hear

The waves!—they bring up from the deep
  Loud utterance of the power that reigns
Far down, where never once did sweep
  The light that gleams o'er ocean's plains;
From 'neath the firmest mountain-base
  The vocal tide bears up the sound;
From wave to wave the whisperings trace,
  Till bursting on the trembling ground,
In notes of thunder they proclaim
The incommunicable name!

The trees!—they gather, with their own,
  Love's language from above, below,
And thus, wide o'er the earth is known
  That voice man only needs to know;
When spring their tender buds renews,
  When summer paints their leaves so gay,
When autumn's hand their beauties strews,
  To deck the path of winter gray;
Through all the year, their ranks among,
Some notes of nature they prolong?

The sounds of winds, and waves, and trees!
Ah! who hath listened once to these,
And heard not, in each fluent tone,
The voice of the Eternal One?

Yes, of a truth, He speaks in these,
  But there's a still, small voice not heard
In sounds of winds, and waves and trees,
  By some most happy souls preferred:

In this He speaks to every heart,
And while the daring sceptic tries
To shun with self-insidious art
All other warnings from the skies,
This is a voice he cannot fly—
'Twill haunt him through eternity!

PHILLIP MY KING.

MRS. CRAIK.

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Phillip, my king!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command,
Till thou shalt find thy queen handmaiden,
Phillip, my king!

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Phillip, my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love glorified! Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Phillip, my king!

Up from thy sweet mouth—up to thy brow,
Phillip, my king!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one heaven chosen among his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and fairer,
Let me behold thee in future years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Phillip, my king!

A wreath not of gold, but palm. One day,
Phillip, my king!
Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny and cruel, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch; till angels shout,
As thou sittest at the feet of God victorious,
"Phillip, the king!"

CENTENNIAL ROSES.

[*Let the one who recites hold a bouquet of old-fashioned roses.*]

BY M. B. C. SLADE.

In the loveliest spot you have ever seen,
'Neath the sumach blooms, by the spring ravine,
Where the sweet Riduland flows;
By the chestnut old, on the eastern ridge,
'Mong the blackberry vines of the old stone bridge,
Grows the hundred year old rose.

A century gone a home was there,
With terraced lawn and a garden fair;
Now the daisy blooms fill up,
With their milk-white foam, the sloping place,
Of the grand old mansion the only trace;
And we call it the fairies' cup.

This tale alone can the long years tell
Of the vanished and silent, who used to dwell
Where the sweet Riduland flows:
When that chestnut old was a sapling green
They planted the banks of the spring ravine
With the hundred year old rose.

What thing your hand is doing, or mine,
So long shall live and so bright shall shine?
The dear Lord only knows!
But shall we not try some work to do,
That shall sweetly bloom all the long years through,
Like the hundred year old rose?

JIM'S JOURNEY.

GEORGE COOPER.

Unhappy Jim cried for the Moon—
Such a tune!
He stretched out his wee rosy hand,
To make all the folks understand
That he'd have it whether or no:
That's so.

A fairy was passing that way,
People say.
She heard the spoilt baby's "boo-hoo,"
And took him without more ado,
On a very long journey, indeed,
With speed.

Up, up, 'mid the stars, like a flash,
Did they dash.
The "Little Bear" wondered and growled,
The "Big Bear" protested and howled;
They stopped at the "Dipper" to drink,
I think.

Bright stars swarmed around them like bees.
"One of these
I think I'd prefer, Fairy good,
Instead of the Moon, if you would.
Do stop. I'll take home to Mamma
That star."

Away! for the good Fairy heard
Not a word.
Then lo! 'mid the bright, blinding glare,
While the Man in the Moon gave a stare,
They stepped on the keen silver rim.
Poor Jim!

They wandered o'er valley and hill,
Fair and still;
But all was so lonely, in spite
Of mountains and rivers of light.
"I think I'd choose dull Earth instead,"
Jim said.

"There's no home, there's no mother here.
Dear, oh! dear.
Oh! please take me back, Fairy sweet;
And, if on Earth we should meet,
I'll pay you when I am a man
And can."

"I'll just wish you there in a wink
And a blink,"
The Fairy said, spreading her wings.
"Don't cry for impossible things—
This piece of advice I give you.
Adieu!"

THE SPARROW'S MAY-DAY.

ALFRED NELSON.

Said Mr. Sparrow to his wife,
One morning in the early spring:
"Dear Mrs. S——, upon my life,
I've come across the grandest thing—
"A brand-new house, with floors to let,
A mansard roof, and all complete!
We'll take a floor to-day, my pet,
And you must keep it nice and neat."

"The situation is tip-top—
None better wheresoe'er you hop,
And quite within the reach of all
The windows where the crumbs do fall."

So off they flew, in haste, to see
The brand new house; and, deary me!
Didn't they flutter in and out,
Scarce knowing what they were about.

Good Mrs. S——, with straw in mouth,
Picked out a room that faced the south;
For, very prudently, thought she:
"The sun will warm both eggs and me."

But Mr. Sparrow did declare
The sun would surely scorch her there;
And as the room was very high,
Their little ones would fall and die.

At last they settled with each other
The first floor front to be the best;
And how they did help one another
To build a cosy little nest!

They both flew up, they both flew down,
With thread and rags and bits of straw;
They were the busiest birds in town,
And each day busier than before.

At last the nest is all complete,
And Mrs. Sparrow stays inside,
And keeps the house so nice and neat,
And Mr. S—— looks on with pride.

And when the little birds appear
Won't Mr. Sparrow hop and sing,
And say to Mrs. S——: "My dear,
Our brand-new house is just the thing!"

MY-MOTHER-WANTS-ME.*

[For Dandelion Time.]

BY M. B. C. S.

[*Recite with a handful of Dandelion balls, blowing them at second and third stanzas.*]

The dandelions were going to seed,
Their soft globes shining all over the mead;
Cloud-like and feathery, downy and white,
The "my-mother-wants-me," so airy and light.

"I'll try one," said Katy; "one, two, three,
And see if my mother is wanting me·"
Off at her breathing, each winged seed flew,
And she gaily came running to ask was it true.

Next Lulie her one, two, three times puffed,
But she blew off but half of the snowy tuft·
So she laughingly said, "I can play all day,
For my-mother-wants-me says I may."

But little Nell, sorrowful, turning aside,
No sign of the my-mother-wants-me tried;
For her mother dwells in the far land where
They make no sign when they want us there.

So I said, "Little Nelly, take one and blow,
And hasten to me if the seeds all go;"
And I hope the dear mother in heaven smiled
When she saw that *I wanted* her orphan child!

THE FATE OF A FACE MAKER.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

It was once upon a time—but that time I cannot say—
That there lived a little girl who had a naughty way
Of making ugly faces whenever anything teased her;
And, to make the matter worse, nearly everything displeased her.

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* All the children know the "My-mother-wants-me" sign. They blow the dandelion globes three times, and if the seeds go off, *their mother wants them.*

She did not like to get up, and she hated to go to bed;
She did not like to read, and she hated to hear things said;
She did not like it to rain, and she hated the sun to shine;
She was never ready for dinner, and—well, she did like to dine.

Her loving parents thought some fairy had bewitched her;
They reasoned with her long, and finally they switched her;
But the more they switched her and reasoned, the worse their
darling grew,
Until they owned to each other, they didn't know what to do.

It was just about this time she went for a walk one day,
Because she had been told on no account to stray
Outside the palace garden—you've read in many a rhyme,
That folks always lived in palaces, "once upon a time."

So she strayed away from home as far as ever she could,
And found herself at last in a dark and dismal wood,
When all at once she saw—you may guess she was afraid—
Lying loose among the trees, all the faces she'd ever made.

There was the face she made to frighten her little brother,
And a worse one still she made when she would not mind her
mother.
And as she looked around, they still grew worse and worse·
There was every horrid face she had ever made at her nurse.

And many more beside—she'd done it for years, you see,
So the place was just as full of faces as it could be.
She turned and ran, poor thing, as well as she could for fright,
And when she did get home, they found she was crazy, quite.

They sent her to an asylum at once, but there, alas!
By way of amusing her, they gave her a looking glass.
When they opened her door next day, there was nothing in the
place
But a broken looking glass, and a terribly ugly Face!

SNOW FLAKES.

M. M. D.

Whenever a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say "Good-bye!"
"Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray!"
Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,
"Good-day!" it says—"Good-day to thee!"
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my comrades here.

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,
It starts—"How warm and soft the day!"
"'Tis summer!"—and it melts away.

IN THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

T. B. ALDRICH.

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell;
And above it, on the vane,
In the sunshine and the rain,
Cut in gold, Saint Peter stands,
With the key in his two hands,
And all is well.

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell;
You can hear its great heart beat,
Ah, so loud and wild and sweet!
As the parson says a prayer
Over the happy lovers there,
While all is well.

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell,
Deep and solemn. Hark! again;
Ah! what passion and what pain!
With her hands upon her breast,
Some poor soul has gone to rest
Where all is well.

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell,
A quaint friend that seems to know
All our joy and all our woe;
It is glad when we are wed,
It is sad when we are dead,
And all is well!

THE BUMBLEBEES' PARTY.

H. G. W.

I heard a great secret the other day,
And what it was I here will say:
Down in the valley, under the hill,
Where the hawthorn grows, and the little rill
Hurries along to meet the brook,
Into a bumblebees' nest I'll look.

The bee-queen sits on her dainty throne,
Now and then calling to some lazy drone;
While out in the pantry the little bee-cook
First kneads up her honey, then looks at her book
To see how many dew-drops for this loaf of cake,
And how many eggs for the next one 'twill take.

And what do you think this was all about?
Some very great event, no doubt;
For there was the sparkling dew-drop wine,
And grasshopper-molasses, all so fine;

And by the light of the silver moon
The bees are to give a party soon.

So, ere the light began to dawn,
Or chanticleer sounded forth his horn,
Each little bee was up early and bright
To secure her friends for the festive night;
And after they'd sent all the messages out
Not a bee or a drone was seen stirring about.

At last, when the moon began to peep,
From over the hills where the rabbits sleep,
Each bee was arrayed in her pretty brown silk,
And the finest of handkerchiefs, white as milk;
The guests, too, came out of their pretty nest,
Also attired in their very best.

First came the butterflies, all so bright,
Arrayed in their beautiful robes of light;
And right behind, in a stately train,
The flies and daddy-long-legs came.
And all the guests arrived at last,
Before the hour of seven was past.

The tables were set by the hawthorn-tree,
And everything looked as nice as could be;
But all of a sudden there rose on the air
A tiny wail of intense despair,
And all because some naughty bee
Had spilt the wine of the hawthorn-tree.

They then went to supper and had a nice time,
Although they so missed the dew-drop wine.
Then daddy-long-legs proposed a dance
And over the greensward they all did prance,
Till the butterfly trod on the queen-bee's toe,
And into the hive they must carry her, O!

The little bee fainted, but rallied quite soon,
And bade them put all the fiddles in tune.
They danced till the light began to dawn,
At four o'clock in the dewy morn;
Then started for home, to get one hour's sleep
Before the sun began to peep.

So this is the end of their night of glee
In the moonbeams bright, by the hawthorn-tree;
The hawthorn is there, and the little rill
Runs in the same way over the hill;
And the wind as it sighs thro' the branches bare
Tells what a wonderful dance was there.

GOLD-LOCKS' DREAM.

One sunny day, in the early spring,
Before a bluebird dared to sing,
Cloaked and furred as in winter weather—
Seal-brown hat and cardinal feather—
  Forth with a piping song,
    Went Gold-Locks "after flowers.
  Tired of waiting so long,"
    Said this little girl of ours.

She searched the bare-brown meadows over,
And found not even a leaf of clover;
Nor where the sod was chill and wet
Could she spy one tint of violet;
  But where the brooklet ran
    A noisy swollen billow,
  She picked in her little hand
    A branch of pussie-willow.

She shouted out, in a happy way,
At the catkins' fur, so soft and gray;
She smoothed them down with loving pats,
And called them her little pussie-cats.

She played at scratch and bite;
She played at feeding cream;
And when she went to bed that night,
Gold-Locks dreamed a dream.

Curled in a little cosy heap,
Under the bed clothes, fast asleep,
She heard although she scarce knew how,
A score of voices, "M-e-o-w! Meow!"
And right before her bed,
Upon a branching tree,
Were kittens, and kittens, and kittens,
As thick as they could be.

Maltese, yellow, and black as ink;
White, with both ears lined with pink;
Striped, like a royal tiger's skin;
Yet, all were hollow-eyed and thin;
And each one wailed aloud,
Once, and twice, and thrice;
"We are the willow pussies;
Oh, where are the willow-mice?"

Meanwhile, outside, through branch and bough,
The March wind wailed, "Meow! M-e-o-w!"
'Twas dark, and yet Gold-Locks awoke,
And softly to her mother spoke:
"If they were fed, Mamma,
It would be very nice;
But I hope the willow-pussies
Won't find the willow-mice!"

THE TRENCHES.

GEORGE COOPER.

A sluggish mist hangs o'er the swamp,
The woods are black along the hill;
Now dimmer grows the firefly's lamp,
The midnight air is chill.

The moon dips in yon tawny cloud,
The ghostly leaves wave to and fro;
And falls the order, stern and loud:
"Up from the trenches, ho!"

As when they heard the rattling drum
Which roused them at the dawn of day,
From field and fen, look where they come—
The ranks of Blue and Gray!

Ah! not in anger, now, they meet,
Again they give the kindly hand—
In brotherhood each other greet,
Friends of the shadow-land.

Among his men the leader rides,
Calm Peace, that Death can never mar,
On his glory-lighted brow abides,
Fair as yon holy star.

He, by whose hand a comrade fell,
Has singled out that comrade now;
The legend of the fight they tell,
By dripping leaf and bough.

No sentry's challenge cleaves the air,
No clinking sabres wake the gloom;
No camp-fire's dull and lurid glare
Presages fearful doom.

But when the heavy night is o'er,
And eastern skies are golden red,
The spectres fade, and lo! once more
The trenches keep their dead.

ONLY GOING TO THE GATE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Like a bell of blossom ringing,
Clear and childish, shrill and sweet,
Floating to the porch's shadow,
With the fainter fall of feet,

Comes the answer softly backward,
Bidding tender watcher wait,
While the Baby Queen outruns her—
"Only going to the gate.

Through the moonlight, warm and scented,
Love to Beauty breathes his sigh,
Lingering, to leave reluctant,
Loth to speak the low good-by.
Then the same low echo answers,
Waiting love of older date,
And the maiden whispers backward,
"Only going to the gate."

Oh, these gates along our pathway,
What they bar outside and in!
With the vague outlook beyond them,
Over ways we have not been.
How they stand before, behind us;
Toll-gates some, with price to pay;
Spring-gates some that shut forever:
Cloud-gates some, that melt away!

Just across their slender weavings
Troth-plight happy hands have crossed
Yet its locks have rusted ruddy,
Or its keys in night shade lost.
Over latches, softly falling,
Good-by prayers have dropped like dew;
Little gateways, softly shutting,
Yet have cut a love in two.

So we pass them going upward
On our journey, one by one,
To the distant shining wicket
Where each traveller goes alone:
Where the friends who journey with us
Strangely falter, stop and wait;
Father, mother, child or lover,
"Only going to the gate."

THE CHILD AND THE SUNSHINE.

GEORGE COOPER.

Through the doorway flowed the sunshine
In a flood of molten gold;
Like a cataract of glory
Down the rifted clouds it rolled,

While a child upon the carpet,
Laughing, ran to where it lay,
With its little hands outreaching—
Like a dream it fled away.

For a cloud had wandered o'er us,
And the blue of heaven had gone,
And the dark wings of the tempest
Beat the sullen air alone.

Still the child, its arms extended,
Gazed upon the vacant floor,
Waiting, watching for the sunshine
Which would come that day no more.

Happy childhood! watching, waiting,
In your sweet and rosy glow,
You will follow Hopes as fleeting,
In the path your feet must go!

And your longing heart will linger,
While the joy-rays dimly burn,
For the warm and pleasant sunbeams
That will never more return!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

F. M. FINCH.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day—
Under the one the Blue,
Under the other the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day—
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day—
'Broidered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day—
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day—
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

MARY BOLLES BRANCH.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature revelled in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way—
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,

Crushed the little fern, and soft moist clay
Covered it and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony; oh, life's bitter cost
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless! Lost! There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veining, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay hid in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us in the last day.

THE WIND'S MISCHIEF.

CLARA DOTY BATES.

The wind was out for a frolic,
And a merry wight was he;
With flying wings and whistling mouth
Up he came, from the far warm south,
To see what he could see.

And he saw in Gold-Lock's garden
A full-blown apple tree;
And where the leaves were cosiest
With leaf and blossom, he saw a nest
As cunning as could be.

And he paused in his mad-cap flying,
And murmured roguishly:
"Oh, what will happen to that bird-house
If I toss and tumble and shake the boughs?
I'll do it just to see!"

So he caught the blossomed branches
And shook with a wicked glee;
Shook and shook, again and again,
And down there sprinkled a rosy rain
Out from the apple tree.

But the birdlings in the bird's nest
Slumbered so cosily
That the mother sang in words like these:
"Oh, what a loving, beautiful breeze
To rock my babies for me!"

GALILEO IN PRISON.

FRANCIS E. RALEIGH.

Far 'neath the glorious light of the noontide,
In a damp dungeon, a prisoner lay,
Aged and feeble, his failing years numbered,
Waiting the fate to be brought him that day.

Silence, oppressive with darkness, held durance—
Death in the living, or living in death;
Crouched on the granite, and burdened in fetters,
Inhaling slow poison with each labored breath.

O'er the damp floor of his dungeon there glistened
Faintly the rays of a swift-nearing light;
Then the sweet jingle of keys that soon opened
The door and revealed a strange scene to his sight.

In the red glare of the sickening torches,
Held by the grey-gownèd soldiers of God,
Gathered a group that the world will remember
Long ages after we sleep 'neath the sod.

Draped in their robes of bright scarlet and purple,
Bearing aloft the gold emblems of Rome, —
Stood the chief priests of the Papal dominion,
Under the shadow of Peter's proud dome.

By the infallible pontiff commanded,
From his own lips their direction received;
Sent to demand of the wise Galileo
Denial of all the wise truths he believed:

Before the whole world to give up his convictions,
Because the great church said the world had not moved;
Then to swear before God that his science was idle,
And truth was unknown to the facts he had proved.

So loosing his shackles, they bade the sage listen
To words from the mouth of the vicar of God:
"Recant thy vile doctrines and life we will give thee;
Adhere, and the road to the grave is soon trod!"

His doctrines—the truth, as proud Rome has acknowledged,
On low bended knee in that vault he renounced;
Yet, with joy in their eyes, the high priests retiring,
"Confinement for life," as his sentence pronounced.

But, as they left him, their malice rekindled
Fires that their threats had subdued in his breast.
Clanking his chains, with fierce ardor he muttered,
"But it *does* move, and tyrants can ne'er make it rest."

BUNKER HILL ODE.

GEORGE SENNOTT.

Heroes of Greek renown!
Ye who, with floods of Persian gore,
Purpled Cychreia's (1) sounding shore!
Strong wielders of the Dorian spear!
And ye, dear children of the dear
The Holy Violet Crown! (2)
Ye live to-day. Distance and time
Vanish before our longing eyes;
And fresh in their eternal prime
The demi-gods arise.

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(1) A very ancient name of Salamis.
(2) A favorite title of the city of Athens.

Fierce breed of iron Rome!
Ye whose relentless eagles' wings,
O'ershadowing subjugated kings,
With hate and black destruction fraught,
To every hateful tyrant brought
His own cursed lesson home—
Smile sternly now. A free born race
Here draws your proudest maxims in,
And eagerly, in ample space,
A mightier Rome begin.

Savage, yet dauntless crew!
Who broke with grim unflinching zeal
The mighty Spaniard's heart of steel;
When ye, with patriotic hands,
Bursting the dykes that held your lands,
Let death and freedom through.
Arise in glory! Angry floods
And haughty bigots all are tame;
But ye, like liberating gods,
Have everlasting fame!

Ye few rock nurtured men—
Suliote, or Swiss, whose crags defied
Burgundian power and Turkish pride—
Whose deeds, so dear to freemen still,
Make every Alp a holy hill,
A shrine each Suliote glen—
Rejoice to-day. No little bands
Face here the exulting despot's horde;
But Freedom sways with giant hands
Her ocean sweeping sword.

Chiefs of our own blest land,
To whom turned long oppressed mankind
A sacred refuge here to find—
Of every race the pride and boast,
From wild Atlantic's stormy coast
To far Pacific's strand—

Millions on millions here maintain
Your generous aims with steady will,
And make your vast imperial reign
The world's asylum still.

THE BURIAL OF THE DANE.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

Blue gulf all around us,
Blue sky overhead;
Muster all on the quarter—
We must bury the dead.

It is but a Danish sailor,
Rugged of front and form—
A common son of the forecastle,
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name and the strand he hailed from
We know—and there's nothing more;
But perhaps his mother is waiting
In the lovely island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
Reason drifting awreck,
"'Tis my watch," he would mutter,
"I must go upon deck!"

Aye, on deck, by the foremast!
But watch and lookout are done;
The Union Jack laid o'er him,
How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine;
Stay the hurrying shaft;
Let the roll of the ocean
Cradle our giant craft;
Gather around the grating,
Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order, and listen
To the holiest page of prayer;
Let every foot be quiet,
Every head be bare:
The soft trade-wind is lifting
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service
(A little spray on his cheeks)-
The grand old words of burial,
And the trust a true heart seeks:
"We therefore commit his body
To the deep;" and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather railing,
Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, spotted hammock
Plunges away from the shark,
Down a thousand fathoms—
Down into the dark.

A thousand summers and winters
The stormy gulf shall roll
High o'er his canvas coffin;
But silence to doubt and dole:
There's a quiet harbor somewhere
For the poor aweary soul.

Free the fettered engine;
Speed the tireless shaft;
Loose to'gallant and topsail,
The breeze is fair abaft.

Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erhead;
Every man to his duty—
We have buried our dead.

SONG OF THE WOOD THRUSH.

INNIS CARLETON.

Where low the soft blue shadows rest,
O'er cedars dense and pine trees tall,
The shy wood thrush has built her nest,
And you may hear the flute-like call:
O-ree-al, de-al, de-al.

Faintly it sounds, as far away,
From cool recess of shadows dim,
Each dewy eve and morning gray,
Then melts beyond the lakelet's rim:
O-ree-al, de-al, de-al.

Now near and full the carol falls,
In cadence rich, of sounds so rare,
That all the wooded aisles it fills
And soars in deeps of upper air:
O-ree-al, de-al, de-al.

Plaintive and deep it swells and floats
Far in the silence of its dells,
Then higher rise the silvery notes,
Like distant calling of clear bells:
O-ree-al, de-al, de-al.

So pure a note of utter calm,
O bird from skies of Eden long!
What was thy voice, amid its palms,
When echoed first thy morning song?
O-ree-al, de-al, de-al.

BOB CRATCHET'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

DICKENS.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have, though, a goose—the rarest of all birds, a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and, in truth, it was something very like it

in that house. Mrs. Cratchet made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchets set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a deathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchet, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchets, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose! Bob said he didn't believe there was ever such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchet said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchets, in particular, were steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchet left the room alone—too nervous to hear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchets became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundresses next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchet entered, flushed, but smiling proudly, with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and

firm; blazing in a half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchet said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchet since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchet said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour.

Everbody had something to say about it; but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchet would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchet family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchet called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchet's elbow stood the family display of glass, two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed—

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

GOLDEN HAIR.

ROYALE.

Golden Hair sat on Grandfather's knee,
Dear little Golden Hair! tired was she,
All day busy, as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light;
Out with the birds and butterflies bright;
Flitting about till coming of night.

Grandfather toyed with the curls on her head.
"What has my baby been doing," he said,
"Since she arose, with the sun, from her bed?"

"Pitty much," answered the sweet little one;
"I cannot tell, much things have I done,
Played with dolly, and feeded my bun;

"And I have jumped with my little jump-rope,
And then I made out of water and soap
Bufittle worlds—Mamma's castles of hope.

"Then I have readed in my picture-book;
And little Bella and I went to look
For some smooth stones by the side of the brook.

"Then I comed home—and eated my tea,
And I climbed up to my Grandpapa's knee.
I'm-jes-as-tired-as-tired-can-be!"

We are but children! the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,
That sees all our weakness and pities it, too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for the day,
He may find it as guileless as Golden Hair's play!

And oh! when a-weary, may we be so blest
As to sink like an innocent child to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast.

TWO BUMBLEBEES.

GEORGE COOPER.

Two bumblebees, in coats of gold,
Once met upon a rose, I'm told,
And searched its sweetness, fold on fold.

One was a grumbler; the other went
About his work in rare content,
For labor was his element.

"Buzz, buzz," quoth one, "it doesn't pay
To toil so hard from day to day;
Leisure is best; I'd rather play.

"Of what use is it, after all?
Our labors unto nothing fall;
The task is hard, the gain is small.

"We never share in what we hive;
We work that idle men may thrive;
I feel the sorest bee alive."

"Buzz, buzz, good neighbor, would you then
Be idle just because of men?
Up! up! and to your toil again.

"Must he who labors, foolish elf,
Think but to benefit himself,
To heap with gain his narrow shelf?

"What makes our striving doubly dear
Is that some others it may cheer,
Known or unknown, afar or near.

"Such labor bringeth sweetest ease,
And maketh, too—the world agrees—
The best of men, the best of bees!"

ONE BY ONE.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee—
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given—
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armèd band;
One will fade as others greet thee—
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, thy daily trial forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but, one by one,
Take them, let the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

WHITTIER.

Our fathers' God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall, like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,

To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the new world greets
The old world thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And into common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war flag of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good will,
And freighted with Life's golden fleece,
Send back the argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

Oh, make Thou us, thro' centuries long,
In peace secure in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old.

BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

O. W. HOLMES.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear the folks should see.
I read it in the story book that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont, and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
Oh, there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, "Oh, what was that, my daughter?"
'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."
"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, "Now bring me my harpoon!
I'll get into my fishing boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow white lamb,
Her hair dropped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swoon,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster shop for mermaids down below.

THE COCKNEY.

J. G. SAXE.

It was in my foreign travel,
  At a famous Flemish inn,
That I met a stoutish person
  With a very ruddy skin;
And his hair was something sandy,
  And was done in knotty curls,
And was parted in the middle,
  In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,
  And his coat was of a sort
To suggest a scanty pattern,
  It was bobbed so very short
And his cap was very little,
  Such as soldiers often use;
And he wore a pair of gaiters,
  And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,
  And he answered in the same,
Tho' he spoke it in a fashion
  That I thought a little lame;
For the aspirate was missing
  Where the letter should have been,
And where'er it wasn't wanted,
  He was sure to put it in!

When I spoke with admiration
Of St. Peter's mighty dome,
He remarked, "'Tis really nothing
To the sights we 'ave at 'ome."
And declared upon his honor—
Though of course 'twas very queer—
That he doubted if the Romans
'Ad the hart of making beer!

Then we talked of other countries,
And he said that he had heard
That Hamericans spoke Hinglish,
But he deemed it quite habsurd;
Yet he felt the deepest hinterest
In the missionary work,
And would like to know if Georgia
Was in Boston or New York?

When I left the man-in-gaiters,
He was grumbling, o'er his gin,
At the charges of the hostess
Of that famous Flemish inn;
And he looked a very Briton,
(So, methinks, I see him still),
So he pocketed the candle
That was mentioned in the bill!

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

J. G. SAXE.

An attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments drest;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half a crown in his purse.

And thus, as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself.

"Unfortunate man that I am!
I've never a client but grief;
The case is, I've no case at all,
And in brief, I've ne'er had a brief!

"I've waited and waited in vain,
Expecting an opening to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for the toil of his mind.

"'Tis not that I'm wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have causes to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.

"Oh, how can a modest young man
E'er hope for the smallest progression—
The profession already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession!"

While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself, "It is well!"

To curb his emotions, he sat
On the curbstone the space of a minute,
Then cried, "Here's an opening at last!"
And in less than a jiffy was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came
('Twas the coroner bade them attend),
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end!

"The man was a lawyer, I hear,"
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse;
"A lawyer? Alas!" said another,
"Undoubtedly died of remorse!"

A third said, "He knew the deceased,
An attorney well versed in the laws,
And as to the cause of his death,
'Twas no doubt for the want of a cause."

The jury decided, at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter,
That the lawyer was drowned, because
He could not keep his head above water!

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE.

C. G. LELAND.

Herr Schnitzerl make a philosopede,
Von of de pullyest kind;
It vent mitout a vheel in front,
And hadn't none pehind.
Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,
Und it vent as sure as ecks,
For he shtraddled on de axle dree
Mit de vheel petween his lecks.

Und ven he vant to shtart id off
He paddlet mit his veet,
Und soon he cot to go so vast
Dat every dings he peat.
He run her on der Broader shtreedt,
He shkeeted like der vind,
Hei! how he bassed de vancy crabs,
And lef dem all pehind!

De vellers mit de trottin nags
Pooled oop to see him bass;
De Deutschers all erstannished saidt:
Potzlanzend! Was is das?

Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
On—mit a gashtly smile;
He titn't tooch de dirt, py shings!
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis earthly pliss?
Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
Und vot ish hobbiness?
Ve find a pank-note in de shtreedt.
Next dings der pank is preak;
Ve falls, and knocks our outsides in,
Ven ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
On his philosopede.
His feet both shlipped outsiderward shoost
Vhen at his extra shpeed.
He felled oopon der vheel of course;
De vheel like blitzen flew;
Und Schnitzerl he vas schnitz in vact
For it shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,
Id cot so shkared, men say,
It pounded onward till it vent
Ganz teufelwards afay.
Boot vhere ish now de Schnitzerl's soul?
Vhere dos his shpirit pide?
In Himmel troo de entless plue,
It takes a medeor ride!

THE MOURNER A LA MODE.

J. G. SAXE.

I saw her last night at a party
(The elegant party at Mead's),
And looking remarkably hearty
For a widow so young in her weeds;

Yet I know she was suffering sorrow
Too deep for the tongue to express—
Or why had she chosen to borrow
So much from the language of dress?

Her shawl was as sable as night,
And her gloves were as dark as her shawl;
And her jewels, that flashed in the light,
Were black as a funeral pall;
Her robe had the hue of the rest,
(How nicely it fitted her shape!)
And the grief that was heaving her breast
Boiled over in billows of crape!

What tears of vicarious woe,
That else might have sullied her face,
Were kindly permitted to flow
In ripples of ebony lace!
While even her fan in its play
Had quite a lugubrious scope,
And seemed to be waving away
The ghost of the Angel of Hope!

Yet, rich as the robes of a queen
Was the sombre apparel she wore;
I'm certain I never had seen
Such a sumptuous sorrow before;
And I couldn't help thinking the beauty,
In mourning the loved and the lost,
Was doing its conjugal duty
Altogether regardless of cost!

One surely would say a devotion,
Performed at so vast an expense,
Betrayed an excess of emotion
That was really something immense;
And yet, as I viewed at my leisure
Those tokens of tender regard,
I thought—it is scarce without measure—
The sorrow that goes by the yard!

Ah! grief is a curious passion;
And yours, I am sorely afraid,
The very next phase of the fashion
Will find it beginning to fade.
Though dark are the shadows of grief,
The morning will follow the night,
Half-tints will betoken relief,
Till joy shall be symboled in white!

Ah well! it were idle to quarrel
With Fashion, or aught she may do;
And so I conclude with a moral
And metaphor—warranted new—
When *measles* come handsomely out,
The patient is safest, they say;
And the *sorrow* is mildest, no doubt,
That works in a similar way!

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

C. G. LELAND.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
Dey had biano-blayin';
I felled in love mit a Merican frau,
Her name vas Matilda Yane.
She hat haar as prown ash a bretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und ven dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you'll pe pound;
I valtzed mit Matilda Yane
Und vent shpinning round und round.
De pootiest fraulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I dells you it cost him dear;
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate lager beer.
Und venever dey knocks de shpicket in
The Deutschers gifes a cheer:
I dinks so vine a barty,
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
Dere all was Souse and Brouse,
Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany
Did make demselfs to house;
Dey ate das brot und Gensy broost,
De Bratwurst and Braten fine.
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Where ish dat barty now?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on the mountain's prow?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de lager beer—
Afay in de ewighkeit!

GRANDPA'S SOLILOQUY.

It wasn't so when I was young—
We used plain language then;
We didn't speak of "them galoots,"
When meaning boys or men.

When speaking of the nice hand-write
Of Joe, or Tom, or Bill,
We did it plain—we didn't say
"He swings a nasty quill."

An' when we seed a gal we liked,
Who never failed to please,
We called her pretty, neat, and good,
But not "about the cheese."

Well, when we met a good old friend
We hadn't lately seen,
We greeted him—but didn't say,
"Hello, you old sardine."

The boys sometimes got mad and fit;
We spoke of kicks and blows;
But now they "whack him in the snoot,"
And "paste him on the nose."

Once, when a youth was turned away
From her he loved most dear,
He walked off on his feet—but now
He "crawls off on his ear."

We used to dance when I was young,
And used to call it so;
But now they don't—they only "sling
The light fantastic toe."

Of death we spake in language plain,
That no one will perplex;
But in these days one doesn't die—
He passes in his "checks."

We praised the man of common sense;
His judgment's good, we said;
But now they say, "Well, that old plum
Has got a level head."

It's rather sad the children now
Are learning all such talk;
They've learned to "chin" instead of chat,
And "waltz" instead of walk.

To little Harry, yesterday—
My grandchild, aged two—
I said, "You love grandpa?" said he,
"You bet your boots I do."

The children bowed to strangers once—
It is no longer so—
The little girls, as well as boys,
Now greet you with "Hello!"

Oh, give me back the good old days,
When both the old and young
Conversed in plain old fashioned words,
And slang was never "slung."

"THE PENNY YE MEAN TO GIE."

H. H.

There's a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, but might have been worse,
Who went to his church on a Sunday night
And carried along his well filled purse.

When the sexton came with the begging plate
The church was but dim with the candle's light;
The stingy man fumbled all thro' his purse,
And chose a coin by touch and not by sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size.
"I'll gie a penny," the stingy man said;
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man;
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought,
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha! ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall in the plate;
Ha! ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder—but just too late!

"No matter," he said; "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me—
They lend to Him who give to the poor:
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out,
"The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee well;"
He knew it was only by accident
That out o' thy finger the guinea fell!

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the puir;
But in that account he'll set down to thee
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye mean to gie!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke—
A comfort for all the generous poor
In the comical words the sexton spoke:

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in His account
For all the pennies we long "to gie."

CHICKENS.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"I didn't!" says Chip. "You did!" says Peep
"How do you know? you were fast asleep."
"I was under mammy's wing,
Stretching my legs like anything,
When all of a sudden I turned around,
For close beside me I heard a sound—

A little tip and a little tap."
"Fiddle-de-dee! You'd had a nap,
And when you were only half awake
Heard an icicle somewhere break."
"What's an icicle? I don't know;
Rooster tells about ice and snow—
Something that isn't as good as meal,
That drops down on you and makes you squeal."
"Well! swallow Rooster's tales, I beg,
And think you didn't come out of an egg!
I tell you I heard the old shell break,
And the first small noise you ever could make;
And mammy croodled and puffed her breast,
And pushed us further out of the nest,
Just to make room enough for you;
And there's your shell—I say it's true!"
Chip looked over his shoulder then,
And there it lay by the old gray hen—
Half an egg shell, chipped and brown,
And he was a ball of yellow down,
Clean and chipper, and smart and spry,
With the pertest bill and the blackest eye.
"Hin!" said he, with a little perk,
"That is a wonderful piece of work!
Peep, you silly, don't you see
That shell isn't nearly as big as me?
Whatever you say, miss, I declare
I never, never could get in there!"
"You did!" says Peep. "I didn't!" says Chip;
With that he gave her a horrid nip,
And Peep began to dance and peck,
And Chip stuck out his wings and neck.
They pranced and struck and capered about,
Their toes turned in and their wings spread out,
As angry as two small chicks could be,
Till Mother Dorking turned to see.
She cackled and clucked, and called in vain—

At it they went with might and main—
Till at last the old hen used her beak,
And Peep and Chip with many a squeak
Staggered off on either side
With a very funny skip and stride.
"What dreadful nonsense!" said Mother Hen,
When she heard the story told again;
"You're bad as the two-legs that don't have wings,
Nor feathers nor combs—the wretched things!
That's the way they fight and talk
For what isn't worth a mullein stalk.
What does it matter, I'd like to know,
Where you came from, or where you go?
Keep your temper and earn your food;
I can't scratch worms for a fighting brood.
I won't have quarrels—I will have peace;
I hatched out chickens, so don't be geese!
Chip scratched his ear with his yellow claw,
The meekest chicken that ever you saw;
And Peep in her feathers curled one leg,
And said to herself: "But he was an egg!"

FEMALE PLEASANTRIES.

MRS. KIDDER.

"I heard it!"
"Who told you?
"Her friend." (?)
"You don't say?"
"'Tis dreadful!"
"Yes, awful!"
"Don't tell it, I pray!"

"Good gracious!"
"Who'd think it?"
"Well! well! well!"
"Dear me!"

"I've had *my*
Suspicions!"
"And I too, you see!"

"Lord help us!"
"Poor creature!"
"So artful!"
"So sly!"
"No beauty!"
"Quite thirty!
Between you and I!"

"I'm going!"
"Do stay, love!"
"I can't!"
"I'm forlorn!"
"Farewell, dear!"
"Good-bye, sweet!"
"*I'm glad she's gone!*"

THE PUZZLED CENSUS TAKER.

J. G. SAXE.

"Got any boys?" the marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"But some are dead!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head
And civilly answered "Nein!"

"Husband, of course?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"The devil you have!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
But again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"*

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering "Nine?"
"*Ich kenn nicht Englisch!*" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine!"

A BALLAD OF BEDLAM.

PUNCH.

Wake, lady, wake! the azure moon
Is rippling in the verdant sky;
The owl is warbling his soft tune,
Awaiting but thy snowy eye.
The joys of future years are past,
To-morrow's hopes have fled away;
Still let us love, and e'en at last
We shall be happy yesterday.

The early beam of rosy night
Drives off the ebon morn afar,
While thro' the murmur of the light
The huntsman winds the mad guitar.
Then, lady, wake! my brigantine
Pants, neighs, and prances to be free;
Till the creation I am thine;
To some rich desert fly with me.

---

* Nein, pronounced *nine*, is the German for "no."

NOBODY.

If nobody's noticed you, you must be small;
If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low;
If nobody's kissed you, you're ugly, we know;
If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody's flattered you, you flatter yourself.
If nobody's cheated you, you are a knave;
If nobody's hated you, you are a slave;
If nobody's called you a "fool" to your face,
Somebody's wished for your back in its place.
If nobody's called you a "tyrant" or "scold,"
Somebody thinks you of spiritless mould.
If nobody knows of your faults but "a friend,"
Nobody'll miss them at the world's end.
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone.
If nobody's eaten your bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you a "miserly bore."
If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen—
Sign yourself "Nobody" quick as you can.

SALLY SIMPKIN'S LAMENT.

HOOD.

"Oh, what is that comes gliding in,
And quite in middling haste?
It is the picture of my Jones,
And painted to the waist.

"It is not painted to the life,
For where's the trousers blue?
Oh, Jones, my dear! Oh, dear! my Jones,
What is become of you?"

"Oh, Sally, dear, it is too true—
The half that you remark

Is come to say my other half
Is bit off by a shark!

"Oh, Sally, sharks do things by halves,
Yet most completely do!
A bite in one place seems enough,
But I've been bit in two.

"You know I once was all your own
But now a shark must share!
But let that pass, for now to you
I'm neither here nor there.

"Alas! death has a strange divorce
Effected in the sea,
It has divided me from you,
And even me from me.

"Don't fear my ghost will walk o' nights
To haunt, as people say;
My ghost *can't* walk, for, oh, my legs
Are many leagues away!

"Lord! think when I am swimming round
And looking where the boat is,
A shark just snaps away a half
Without a quarter's notice.

"One half is here, the other half
Is near Columbia placed:
Oh, Sally, I have got the whole
Atlantic for my waist!

"But now, adieu—a long adieu!
I've solved death's awful riddle,
And would say more but I am doomed
To break off in the middle!"

NO!

HOOD.

No sun—no moon—
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the crescents go-
No top to any steeple—
No recognition of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all—no locomotion—
No inkling of the way—no notion—
No go, by land or ocean!
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth—no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

O. W. HOLMES.

I'm not a chicken! I have seen
Full many a chill September,
And though I was a youngster then,
That gale I well remember.

The day before my kite string snapped,
And I my kite pursuing,
The wind whisked off my palm leaf hat;
For me two storms were brewing.

It came as quarrels often do,
When married folks get clashing;
There was a heavy sigh or two
Before the fire was flashing;
A little stir among the clouds,
Before they rent asunder,
A little rocking of the trees,
And then came on the thunder.

Lord! how the pond and river boiled,
And how the shingles rattled!
And oaks were scattered on the ground
As if the Titans battled;
And all above was in a howl,
And all below a clatter—
The earth was like a frying-pan,
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing day,
And all our things were drying;
The storm came roaring thro' the lines,
And set them all a-flying.
I saw the skirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches;
I lost—ah! bitterly I wept—
I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling thro' the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds as if
The devil had been in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches—
"Farewell, farewell!" I faintly cried,
"My breeches! O my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams,
How changed from what I knew them;
The dews had steeped their faded threads,
The winds had whistled through them!
I saw the wide and ghastly rents
Where demon claws had torn them;
A hole was in their amplest part,
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever;
But those young pantaloons have gone
Forever and forever!
And not till fate has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long lost breeches!

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

G. P. MORRIS.

Old Birch, who taught the village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was as stubborn as a mule,
While she was playful as a rabbit.

Poor Kate had scarce become a wife
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country polished life,
And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Katy sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him.

The husband's anger rose, and red
And white his face alternate grew;
"Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said,
"*Oh, dear, I didn't know 'twas you!*"

THE SICK CHILD.

PUNCH.

A weakness seizes on my mind—I would more pudding take;
But all in vain! I feel—I feel—my little head will ache.
Oh, that I might alone be left, to rest where now I am,
And finish with a piece of bread that pot of current jam!

I gaze upon the cake with tears, and wildly I deplore
That I must take a powder if I touch a morsel more;
Or oil of castor, smoothly bland, will offered be to me,
In wave pellucid, floating on a cup of milkless tea.

It may be so—I cannot tell—I yet may do without;
They need not know, when left alone, what I have been about.
I long to eat that potted beef—to taste that apple pie;
I long—I long to eat some more, but have not strength to try.

I gasp for breath, and now I know I've eaten far too much;
Not one more crumb of all the feast before me can I touch.
Susan, oh, Susan, ring the bell, and call for mother dear,
My brain swims round—I feel it all—mother, your child is queer!

THE WHISTLE.

BY ROBERT STORY.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood,
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood?
I wish that Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side, and would here take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? That may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;

"A favor so light one's good nature secures,"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck her fine arm."
She smiled—and she laid her fine arm round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine
Would bring me the third time an exquisite bliss;
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,
And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with your whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

ROGER AND DOLLY.

BLACKWOOD.

Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window—
Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump;
He begged for admittance—she answered him no—
Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.
No, no, Roger, no—as you came you may go—
Stumpaty, stumpaty, stump.
"Oh, what is the reason, dear Dolly?" he cried—
Humpaty, humpaty, hump—
"Why am I cast off, and unkindly denied?
Trumpaty, trumpaty, trump;
Some rival more dear I guess has been here"—
Crumpaty, crumpaty, crump.
"Suppose there's been two, sir, pray what's that to you, sir?
Numpaty, numpaty, nump.
Wi' a disconsolate look his sad farewell he took—
Trumpaty, trumpaty, trump—

And all in despair jumped into a brook—
Jumpaty, jumpaty, jump—
His courage did cool in a filthy green pool—
Slumpaty, slumpaty, slump—
So he swam to the shore, but saw Dolly no more—
Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump.
He did speedily find one more fat and more kind—
Plumpaty, plumpaty, plump—
But poor Dolly's afraid she must die an old maid—
Mumpaty, mumpaty, mump.

THE KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

ANON.

There came a gentle knock—
I heard it with surprise—
At half past eight o'clock,
The time I always rise.

I listened, and I thought
What that low tap could mean—
The water had been brought,
The butcher's boy had been.

The post had come and gone,
The letters lay around—
From Boston and Whitestone,
Peru and Hudson Sound.

Perhaps it was a note;
A telegram to say
My aunt had caught the boat,
And would be here to-day.

Perhaps it was a bill—
The messenger to wait;
Perhaps my brother Phil
To take me out to skate.

Conjectures such as these
Passed swiftly thro' my brain;
I hardly felt at ease,
When lo! that knock again.

And then there came a voice—
Our nursemaid's voice, forsooth—
Which made my heart rejoice
With—"Baby's got a tooth!"

THE BEWITCHED TARRIER.

R. H. NEWELL.

Sam Johnson was a cullud man,
Who lived down in Judee;
He owned a rat tan tarrier
That stood 'bout one foot three;
And the way that critter chawed up rats
Was gorjeus for to see.

One day this dorg was slumberin'
Behind the kitchen stove,
When suddenly a wicked flea—
An ugly little cove—
Commenced upon his faithful back
With many jumps to rove.

Then up arose that tarrier,
With frenzy in his eye,
And waitin' only long enough
To make a touchin' cry,
Commenced to twist his head around,
Most wonderfully spry.

But all in vain; his shape was sich,
So awful short and fat,

And tho' he doubled up hisself,
And strained hisself at that,
His mouth was half an inch away
From where the varmint sat.

The dorg set up an awful yowl
And twisted like an eel,
Emitting cries of misery
At every nip he'd feel,
And tumbling down and jumping up
And turning like a wheel.

But still that most owdacious flea
Kept up a constant chaw
Just where he couldn't be scratched out
By any reach of paw,
But always half an inch beyond
His victim's snappin' jaw.

Sam Johnson heard the noise, and came
To save his animile:
But when he see the crittur spin—
A barkin' all the while—
He dreaded hiderfobia,
And then began to rile.

"The pup is mad enough," says he,
And luggin' in his axe,
He gev the wretched tarrier
A pair of awful cracks
That stretched him out upon the floor
As dead as carpet tacks.

MORAL.

Take warnin' by this tarrier,
Now turned to sassidge meat,
And when misfortin's flea shall come
Upon your back to eat,
Beware! or you may die because
You can't make both ends meet.

A CATALECTIC MONODY.

CRUIKSHANK.

A *cat* I sing, of famous memory,
Though *cat*achrestical my song may be;
In a small garden *cat*acomb she lies,
And *Cat*aclysms fill her comrades' eyes;
Borne on the air, the *cat*acoustic song
Swells with her virtues' *cat*alogue along;
No *cat*aplasm could lengthen out her years,
Though mourning friends shed *cat*aracts of tears.
Once loud and strong her *cat*echist-like voice;
It dwindled to a *cat*call's squeaking noise;
Most *cat*egorical her virtues shone,
By *cat*enation joined each one to one;
But a vile *cat*chpoll dog, with cruel bite,
Like *cat*lings cut, her strength disabled quite;
Her *cat*erwauling pierced the heavy air,
As *cat*aphracts their arms thro' legions bear;
'Tis vain! as *cat*erpillars drag away
Their lengths, like *cat*tle after busy day,
She lingering died, nor left in kit-*kat* the
Embodiment of this *cat*astrophe!

A SERENADE.

PUNCH.

Smile, lady, smile! (*Bless me! what's that? Confound the cat!*)
Smile, lady, smile! One glance bestow
On him who sadly waits below
To catch—(*A villain up above*
Has thrown some water on me, love!)
To catch one token—
(*Oh, dear! my head is broken—*
The wretch who threw the water down
Has dropped the jug upon my crown!)—

To catch one token which shall be
As dear as life itself to me.

List, lady, then, while on my lute
I breathe soft—(*No, I'll not be quiet!*
How dare you call my serenade a riot?
I do defy you!)—while upon my lute
I breathe soft sighs—(*Yes, I dispute*
Your right to stop me)—breathe soft sighs.
Grant but one look from those dear eyes—
(*There, take that stupid noddle in again;*
Call the police! Do! I'll prolong my strain).
We'll wander by the river's placid flow—
(*Into the Station House! No sir, I won't go!*
Leave me alone!)—and talk of Love's delight.
(*Oh, murder! help! I'm locked up for the night!*)

VAT YOU PLEASE.

ANON.

Two Frenchmen, who had just come over,
Half starved but always gay
(No weasels e'er were thinner),
Trudged up to town from Dover,
Their slender store exhausted on the way,
Extremely puzzled how to get a dinner.
From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,
Our Frenchmen wandered on their expedition;
Great was their need, and sorely did they grieve—
Stomach and pocket in the same condition.
At length, by mutual consent, they parted,
And different ways on the same errand started.

Towards night one Frenchman at a tavern door
Stopped, entered, all the preparations saw;
The ready waiter at his elbow stands—
"Sir, will you favor me with your commands;

Roast goose or duck, sir, choose you that or these?
"Sare, you are very kind, sare, vat you please."

It was a glorious treat—pie, pudding, cheese and meat;
At last the Frenchman, having eaten his fill,
Prepared to go, when— "Here, sir, is your bill!"
"O, you are Bili—vell, Mr. Bill, good day!"
"My name is Tom, sir—you've this bill to pay!"

"Pay, pay, ma foi!
I call for noting, sare, pardonnez moi!
You show to me the pooden, goose and sheeze,
You ask me vat I eat—I tell you vat you please."
The waiter, softened by his queer grimace,
Could not help laughing in the Frenchman's face,
And generously tore the bill in two,
Forgave the hungry trick, and let him go.

Our Frenchman's appetite subdued,
Away he chasséed in a merry mood,
And, turning round the corner of a street,
His hungry countryman perchanced to meet,
When, with a grin,
He told how he had taken John Bull in.
Fired with the tale, the other licks his chops,
Makes his congée, and seeks the shop of shops.
Entering, he seats himself, as if at ease—
"What will you have, sir?" "Vat you please."

The waiter saw the joke, and slyly took
A whip, and with a very gracious look
Sought instantly the Frenchman's seat,
"What will you have, sir?" venturing to repeat.
Our Frenchman, feeling sure of goose and cheese,
With bow and smile quick answers "Vat you please!"
But scarcely had he let the sentence slip
When round his shoulders twines the pliant whip.
"Sare! sare! ah, misericorde! parbleu!
O dear, monsieur, what for you strike me? huh!

Vat for is dis?" "Ah, don't you know?
That's vat I please, exactly; now, sir, go!
Your friend, although I paid well for his funning,
Deserves the goose he gained, sir, by his cunning;
But you, monsieur, without my dinner tasting,
Are goose enough—and only want a basting."

HOW TO GET RICH.

W. D. MORANGE.

Put on the airs of an eight-keyed flute
If you're only a penny whistle;
Pass where you can for a garden rose
If you're only a wayside thistle.

Blow, whenever you blow your horn,
So people can understand
That you may be sharp, but you won't be flat
In society's great brass band.

Pass the plate or the hat in church
With the usual Sabbath air,
But move with a mild religious squeak,
That people may know you're there.

If you carry a nose six inches long
(And a beak can scarcely be longer),
Believe it a sign of perception strong,
And the longer it is, the stronger.

But if, in the order of nasal tubes,
Your organ is brief in measure,
Then, brevity being the soul of wit,
Consider your pug a treasure.

Love your neighbor—but mark the force
Of the gospel rule of grace—
The more you admire yourself, my friends,
The higher your neighbor's place.

Chink your dime in the deacon's pan
As if you were throwing gold,
And give, with an eye to the business hope
Of reaping a hundred fold.

Whether your reading is little or great,
Quote right or never quote;
Polish your uppers, tho' down in the heel,
And never endorse a note.

Always advance best hand, best foot
(Best hand, best foot your own),
And thus you may feast on the fat of the land
While others enjoy the bone.

THE MENAGERIE.

J. HONEYWELL.

Did you ever? No, I never!
Mercy on us, what a smell!
Don't be frightened, Johnny dear!
Gracious! how the jackalls yell.
Mother, tell me what's the man
Doing with that pole of his?
Bless your little precious heart,
He's stirring up the beastesses!

Children, don't you go so near!
Hevings! there's the Afric cowses!
What's the matter with the child?
Why, the monkey's tore his trowsers!
Here's the monstrous elephant—
I'm all a-tremble at the sight;
See his monstrous toothpick, boys—
Wonder if he's fastened tight?

There's the lion! see his tail!
How he drags it on the floor!
'Sakes alive! I'm awful scared
To hear the horrid creatures roar!
Here's the monkeys in their cage,
Wide awake you are to see 'em;
Funny, ain't it? How would you
Like to have a tail and be 'em?

Johnny, darling, that's the bear
That tore the naughty boys to pieces!
Horned cattle! only hear
How the dreadful camel wheezes!
That's the tall giraffe, my boy,
Who stoops to hear the morning lark;
'Twas him who waded Noah's flood,
And scorned the refuge of the ark.

Here's the crane—the awkward bird!
Strong his neck is as a whaler's,
And his bill is full as long
As ever met one from the tailor's.
Look! just see the zebra there!
Standing safe behind the bars;
Goodness me! how like a flag,
All except the corner stars!

There's the bell! the birds and beasts
Now are going to be fed;
So, my little darlings, come,
It's time for you to be a-bed.
"Mother, 'tisn't nine o'clock!
You said we needn't go before;
Let us stay a little while—
Want to see the monkeys more!"

Cries the showman, "Turn 'em out!
Dim the lights! there, that will do;
Come again to-morrow, boys;
Bring your little sisters, too."

Exit mother, half distraught,
Exit father, muttering "Bore!"
Exit children, blubbering still,
"Want to see the monkeys more!"

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

O. W. HOLMES.

I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer—so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in a general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way
I added (as a trifling jest)
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next, the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third, a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth, he broke into a roar;
The fifth, his waistband split;
The sixth, he burst five buttons off
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since I never dared to write
As funny as I can!

THE TWINS.

H. S. LEIGH.

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him
And each for one another.
It puzzled all, both kith and kin,
It reached a dreadful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fix'd,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mix'd.
And so you see, by Fate's decree,
Or, rather, nurse's whim,
My brother John was christened "me,"
While I was christened "him."

This fatal likeness ever dogged
Our footsteps when at school,
For I was always getting flogged
Since John turned out a fool.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistake went on
And when I died the neighbors came
And buried brother "John."

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

HOOD.

Young Ben, he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That, though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright;
"Then I will to the waterside
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her—
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow;"

And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the tender ship, you see;"
"The tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,
What a hard-ship that must be!

"Oh, would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But, oh! I'm not a fishwoman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The virgin and the scales;
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now, Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world,
But in two years the ship came home
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O, Sally Brown, O, Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's well,"
But could not, though he tried;

His head was turned, and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty odd befel;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

SEVEN TIMES TEN.

HUGH HOWARD.

[*After Jean Ingelow.*]

I should like a walk in the fresh red clover
This beautiful morn, but then
My joints are stiff and my back bent over;
To-day I'm seven times ten.

I am old—so old I can't read a letter
Without my specs on nose;
And my cough doesn't seem to get much better,
And gout's in two of my toes.

O moon! in the night I have seen you floating
At the sweet age of nineteen years,
While a maudlin goose at my side was quoting
Lord Byron and shedding tears.

You moon! you've done lots of bad in heaven,
In your quiet manner and cool.
Was there ever a swain you haven't given
The wish to act like a fool?

O bee! you're an overrated fellow,
Not pretty, and quite a scold.
I wish, marsh-marybuds, rich and yellow,
You were eighteen carat gold!

O Columbine! as for that folded wrapper,
Don't open it, please, a bit;
And, cuckoo-pint, bother your purple clapper,
I'm mortally tired of it!

Do you find the world merry, linnet, linnet,
That your song rings out so gay?
I am old! I don't trust anything in it;
I'm seven times ten to-day!

MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.

The aged and venerable maternal representative of a family which descended from an ancestral progenitor known in his time by the patronymic appellation of Hubbard (perhaps from his having been one of the early poets or bards of the Hub),

Wended her way to the small apartment ordinarily devoted to the storage of crockery and such portions of the family provisions as were left unused at the prandial meal,

To obtain, for the gratification of her favorite but emaciated specimen of the genus *canis* a fragment of an osseous nature once composing an integral portion of the skeleton of an animal (whether bovine, porcine or otherwise, the narrator was not able to determine satisfactorily), from which she had reason to believe her petted quadruped would obtain aliment.

When by continuous progressive motion she had arrived at the end of her brief journey, and in fact had reached the objective point and the goal of her desire,

Her fond anticipations were not realized and her calculations came to naught—for the family receptacle before alluded to proved to be entirely denuded of everything in the way of that substance which tends to prolong life when received within and assimilated by the animal organism;

Consequently this indigent and long suffering member of the higher class of vertebrates called mammals, but familiarly known as the "poor dog," failed on this occasion to obtain anything to appease his unsated and voracious appetite, which there is reason to believe had previously been whetted by the anticipation of the favorable result of the visit of his friend and protector to the usual storehouse of his supplies.

WHAT IS A BACHELOR LIKE?

What is a bachelor like?
A man without a home and wife.
Why, a pump without a handle,
A mouldy tallow candle!
A goose that's lost his fellows,
A useless pair of bellows,
A horse without a saddle,
A boat without a paddle;
A mule—a fool!
A two-legged stool!
A pest—a jest!
Dreary—weary—
Contrary—unchary—
A fish without a tail,
A ship without a sail,
A legless pair of tongs,
A fork without its prongs,
A clock without a face—
A pig that's out of place!
A bootless leg—an addled egg!
A stupid flat—a crownless hat;
A pair of breeches wanting stitches;
A chattering ape—coat minus cape!
A quacking duck—wanting pluck;
A gabbling goose—mad dog let loose!
A boot without a sole,
Or a cracked and leaky bowl,
Or a fiddle without a string,
Or a bee without its sting,
Or a bat—or a sprat,
Or a cat—or a hen,
Or a rat—or a wren,
Or a gnat—or a pig in a pen!
Or a thrush that will not sing,
Or a bell that will not ring!
Or a penny that "won't go!"

Or a herring without salt!
Or a monkey—or a donkey!
Or a surly dog tied to a log!
Or a frog in a bog!
Or a fly in a mug!
Or a bug in a rug!
Or a bee—or a flea—
Or a last year's pea—
Or a figure 3!
Like a bell without a tongue,
Like a barrel without a bung,
Like a whale—like a snail—
Like an owl—like a fowl—
Like a priest without his cowl!
Like a midnight ghoul!
Like a gnome in his cell—
Like a clapperless bell—
Like a man down a well!
He's a poor forsaken gander,
Choosing lonely thus to wander!
He's like a walking stick, or satchel, or—
But to be plain,
And end my strain,
He's like naught but—a bachelor!

PAT'S PHILOSOPHY.

R. H. STODDARD.

When the winter is cold
I keep meself warm;
When the summer is hot
I keep meself cool.
It's mebbe I'm bold,
And it's mebbe I'm not;
But a gossoon's a fool
When he goes into harm!

Sez my old Uncle Dan—
A wise one and stiddy—
"What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?"

When the soldier struts by
With his sword at his side,
And the rattle, rattle drums
Beat the roll and the call,
He may go or may fly—
I stay here till death comes,
For I mind me of all
That in battle have died!
I am like Uncle Dan,
For he said—troth and did he—
"What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?"

When the sailor hoists sail
And stands out on the deep,
Laving sweetheart or wife
And the childer behind,
He timpts the wild gale,
And he trifles with life,
And he sinks, d'ye mind,
Where the mermaidens sleep!
"Pat," sez Uncle Dan,
"Stay at home with your Biddy;
What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?"

Let the scholar sit up
And write late and long,
To insure him a name—
He may sit up for me;
Give me but a full cup,
He may have all his fame,
For it's stuff, d'ye see,
And not worth an old song!

Let us live, Uncle Dan;
Let us live and love, Biddy;
What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?"

LOVE SONG

[WRITTEN BY AN INMATE OF A LUNATIC ASYLUM.]

Gaily the tiger-cat tuned his guitar,
Serenading the magpie with feathers and tar;
Sweetly he sneezed at her, sourly he sighed,
"Lady bird, lady bird, wilt be my bride?"
She for the elephant sadly had pined,
Ate but an ox, and then vowed she hadn't dined;
Carried a photograph close to her heart,
Wrapped up in lobsters, bank notes and plum tart.
At midnight the rivals met in the whale,
And fought by the light of the grasshopper's tail;
The elephant stood on its trunk to take breath,
And the tiger-cat cosily hugged him to death;
Then with a cabbage stalk boldly he wrote:
"Come, love, and tread on the tail of my coat;
See thine own crocodile whistling for thee."
He groaned—gave a gurgle—a cold corpse was he!

BIDDY'S PHILOSOPHY.

R. H. STODDARD.

What would I do if you was dead?
And when do you think of dying?
I'd stand by your bed and hold your head,
And cry, or pretind to be crying!
There's many a worser man nor you—
If one knew where to find him—
And mebbe many a better, too,
With money to leave behind him!

But you, if I was dying to-day,
(I saw you now when you kissed her,)
I tell you, Pat, what you'd be at—
You'd marry your widdy's sister!

You'd make an illigant corpse, indade,
Sleeping so sound and stiddy;
If you could see yourself as you laid,
You'd want to come back to Biddy!
You would be dressed in your Sunday best,
As tidy as I could make you,
With a sprig of something on your breast,
And the boys would come to wake you.
But you, if I was dead in your stead,
(Do you think I never missed her?)
I tell you, Pat, what you'd be at—
You'd marry your widdy's sister!

The undertaker would drive the hearse
That has the big black feather;
If there was no money left in your purse,
Your friends would club together.
They'd look at your cold remains before
They followed you down to the ferry,
And the coaches standing at the door
Would go to the cemetery.
But you, if I was once in the box,
(I wonder her lips don't blister!)
I tell you, Pat, what you'd be at—
You'd marry your widdy's sister!

When you was under the sod I'd sigh,
And—if I could do without you—
Mebbe I've a strapping lad in my eye
Would come here and talk about you.
A little courtin' would be divertin',
A kind voice whispering "*Biddy!*"

And a kiss on the sly—for what's the hurt in
A man consoling a widdy?
But you, before I was dead at all,
(Now don't deny that you kissed her!)
I tell you, Pat, what you'd be at—
You'd marry your widdy's sister.

BACHELORS AND FLIRTS.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Some old bachelors git after a flirt, and don't travel as fast as she doz, and then concludes awl the female group are hard to ketch, and good for nothing when they are ketched.

A flirt is a rough thing to overhaul, unless the right dog gets after her, and then they make the very best of wives.

When a flirt really is in love, she is as powerless as a mown daisy.

Her impudence then changes into modesty, her cunning into fear, her spurs into a halter, and her pruning hook into a cradle.

The best way to ketch a flirt is tew travel ther way from which they are going, or sit down on the ground and whistle some lively tune till the flirt comes round.

Old bachelors make the flirts, and then the flirts get more than even by making the old bachelors.

A majority of flirts get married finally, for they hev a great quantity of the most dainty titbits of woman's nature, and alwus have shrewdness to back up their sweetness.

Flirts don't deal in po'try and water grewel; they hev got to hev brains, or else somebody would trade them out of their capital at the first sweep.

Disappointed luv must uv course be all on one side; this ain't any more excuse fur being an old bachelor than it iz fur a man to quit all kinds of manual labor jist out uv spite, and jine a poor-house bekase he kan't lift a tun at one pop.

An old bachelor will brag about his freedom to you, his relief from anxiety, hiz independence. This iz a dead beat, past resurrection, for everybody knows there ain't a more anxious dupe than he

iz. All his dreams are charcoal sketches of boarding-school misses; he dresses, greases hiz hair, paints his grizzly mustache, cultivates bunyons and corns tew please hiz captains, the wimmen, and only gets laffed at fur his pains.

I tried being an old bachelor till I wuz about twenty years old, and came very near dying a dozen times. I had more sharp pain in one year than I hev had since, put it all in a heap. I was in a lively fever all the time.

BIG GENIUSES.

JOSH BILLINGS.

A big genius is generally a phool; he knows how to do one or two things so much that he ain't fit for nothin' else; he is like a grayhound, good for runnin' fast, that's all. Yu kan't lurn him enny more than yu can an eagle; he knows how to fli up and look at the sun without winkin', because he was born so; and when he gits up on a peak of the mountain, and gits well lit, you can't git tew him, nor he won't cum tew you, but there he sits till the dinner bell rings. After dinner he flize oph agin, and you won't see him till supper time. They are like mummys, very curis critters, and keep a long time without spiling. If tha only had common sense, so that you could make taylors or shumakers ov them, thare would be sum sence of having the breed more plenty; but one or two is all that is profitable to have on hand tew onst, and they ar enuf to keep enny body uneasy about what tha is goin' tew do next. Tha liv about 40 years ahed ov the times, and when the wurld ketches up with the last wun, another is born, who spends the most of his time in diggin' up the old bones that the last one berrid. About the only thing tha sho enny common sence in iz, that tha always die in debt to everybody. The most unfortunate thing about having a big genius on hand is that so menny try to imitate them, but they don't generally git enny futher up than thar vices, and thus one big genius suckles a thousand phools. They don't generally live happy because they ain't bilt right to fit things as they find them.

They ought tew have a grate place to stop in, whare thare ain't

nothin' but big generalities tew do, and whare they can play toss and ketch with the stars and krack butternut and mountain. They are curis critters.

They ain't afraid to straddle hurrykanes without enny bridle on, and stick in the spurs; but a mice nibbling in the wanescut will drive them bareheaded into the streets. They kan plant, but they kan't kultivate nor reap.

If I waz a woman, I would as soon marry a porcupine as a big genius; they are either az hot as the stove in a destrick school house, or as kold and unfeeling as the shoes on a dead omnibus hoss. A genius is like a big comet—they appear onse about so often, and make everibody so nervous, and then disappear, and though we may not at the time be able tew put our fingers on the individual good they hav dun us, still there visits is a big one, and the great reservoys are pumped up fuller, and we poor men, the rest of us, when we stick our little fountains, find the waters have been sweetened and freshened by sumbody.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

It was in ancient Italy a deadly hatred grew
Between old Caleb Capulet and Moses Mantague;
Now Moses had an only son, a little dapper beau,
The pet of all the pretty girls, by name young Romeo.
And Caleb owned a female girl, just home from boarding school,
Miss Juliet was her Christian name—for short they called her Jule.
To bring the lady out he gave a ball at his plantation,
And thither went young Romeo, without an invitation.
One Tybalt, kinsman to the host, began to growl and pout,
And watched an opportunity to put the fellow out;
But Caleb saw the game and said, "Now, cousin, don't be cross;
Behave yourself or leave the room; are you or I the boss?"
When Juliet saw Romeo his beauty did enchant her;
And Romeo he fell in love with Juliet instanter.
Now, lest their dads should spoil the fun, but little time was tarried,
Away to 'Squire Lawrence sped, and secretly were married.

Oh, cruel fate! that day the groom met Tybalt in the square,
And Tybalt being very drunk, at Romeo did swear.
Then Romeo his weapon drew (a knife of seven blades),
And made a gap in Tibby's ribs, that sent him to the shades.
The watchman came; he took to flight, down alley, street and square;
The Charlies ran, o'ertook their man, and took him 'fore the Mayor.
Then spoke the worthy magistrate (and savagely did frown),
"Young man, you have to lose your head, or else vamose the town!"
He choose the last, and left his bride in solitude to pine;
"Ah me!" said he, "our honeymoon is nothing but moonshine;"
And then, to make the matter worse, her father did embarrass
By saying she must give her hand to noble County Paris.
"This suitor is a goodly youth; to-day he comes to woo;
If you refuse the gentleman I'll soundly wollop you."
She went to 'Squire Lawrence's cell to know what must be done;
The 'Squire bade her to go to bed and take some laudanum.
"'Twill make you sleep and seem as dead; thus can'st thou dodge
this blow;
A humbugged man your pa will be—a blest one Romeo."
She drank, she slept, grew wan and cold; they buried her next day.
That she'd piped out her lord got word, far off in Mantua;
Quoth he, "Of life I've had enough; I'll hire Bluffkin's mule,
Lay in a pint of baldface rum and go to-night to Jule!"
Then rode him to the sepulchre, 'mong dead folks, bats and creepers,
And swallowed down the burning dose, when Juliet ope'd her
peepers.
"Are you alive, or is't your ghost? Speak quick, before I go."
"Alive!" she cried, "and kicking too; art thou my Romeo?"
"It is your Romeo, my faded little blossom;
Oh, Juliet! is it possible that you were acting possum?"
"I was, indeed; now let's go home; pa's spite will have abated;
What ails you, love, you stagger so; are you intoxicated?"
"No, no, my duck; I took some stuff that caused a little fit;"
He struggled hard to tell her all, but couldn't, so he quit.
In shorter time than 't takes a lamb to wag his tail or jump,
Poor Romeo was stiff and pale as any whitewashed pump.
Then Juliet seized that awful knife, and in her bosom stuck it,
Let out a most terrific yell, fell down, and kicked the bucket!

A WORD WITH YOU.

ANON.

Young man, don't get too foxy. If you happen to get in possession of a few dollars, act just as you did before you got them. Don't swell up and burst! If you have a good share of brains you won't do this; you will remember that neither money, clothes nor good looks make the man, and that worth is as often garbed in a ragged coat as in broadcloth. Don't stand on hotel steps, dangling your watch chain and talking "hoss." Those who load themselves with airs are the smallest kind of potatoes, and the fewest in the hill. A fat job often spoils young men of weak minds. They immediately commence to dress fine, and take great pride in cultivating an aldermanic corporosity and a sporting air. Sensible people are always disgusted with such actions when they deign to notice them, which is very seldom.

THE ASS AND THE VIOLINIST—A FABLE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Within the fields, one summer day,
A strong-lunged ass began to bray;
The uplands echoed back his voice—
To hear it made his heart rejoice.

"Ah, what a pity!" cried the ass,
"That I should longer feed on grass;
My lungs are strong, my voice is loud,
At concerts I might draw a crowd;
List to my music, how it fills
The valleys sleeping 'mong the hills;
'Tis sweet, I know, for, look! see what
Great ears for music I have got."

A great musician heard the din
While passing with his violin;
He stopped awhile upon his way
And bade the old ass cease to bray.

"My long-eared friend," the fiddler said,
"This neighborhood must wish you dead;
For worse than any sounding brass
Is your coarse braying, Mr. Ass;
If you wish music, cease your din,
And listen to my violin."

He rubbed the resin on his bow;
He tried the notes both high and low;
Making a stone do for a chair,
He played a grand, soul-stirring air.

Ere he had ceased his tune to play,
The ass began again to bray;
Nor violin, nor song of bird
Could for a moment then be heard.

At last the old ass dropped his head,
And to the old musician said:
"Music is sound, my friend, you see—
Therefore all sounds must music be;
Of mine the world will be the proudest,
Because, my friend, it is the loudest."

What more could the musician say?
What further do than let him bray?
He wandered off through twilight dim—
Ass wisdom was too much for him.

CONCLUSION.

How many men we daily pass
Who reason like this braying ass!
They grow to men from braggart boys,
And think that brains must make a noise,
They gain high seats in synagogues,
No mystery their vision fogs;
Whene'er they lack for argument
They give their store of gas a vent;
And wise men whisper, as they pass,
"There goes a self-conceited ass."

JOSH BILLINGS ON LAUGHING.

Laffing is strickly amuzement, altho' sum folks make a bizness ov it.

It has been considered an index to a man's karacter, and thar is sum so klose a reasoning that tha can tell what a man had for dinner by seeing him laff.

I never saw 2 laff alike.

While thar are sum that don't make enny noise, and sum ag'in who hav music in ther laff, thar's others who laff just as a rat does who has caught a steel trap with his tale. There is no mistake in the assertion that it iz a comfort to hear sum laffs that com romping out ov a man's mouth, like a district school ov young girls just let out to play.

Men who never laff may have good hearts but they are deep-seated—like sum springs they have the inlet and outlet from below, and show no sparkling bubble on the brim.

I don't like a gigler; his kind of laff is like the dandy-lion, a bread yeller and not a bit ov good smell about it.

It is true that enny kind ov a laff that looks out ov a man's eyes fust to see if the coast is clear, then steals down into the dimples ov his cheek and rides an eddy thare awhile, then waltzes a spell at the corner ov his mouth like a thing ov life, then bursts its bonds ov beauty and fills the air for a moment with a shower of silvery tongued sparks, then steals back with a smile tew its lair in the heart, tew watch agin for its prey—this iz the kind ov laff that I luv and ain't afraid ov.

A CANNI BALLAD.—(*Cincinnati Commercial.*)

It's about an ancient cannibal man,
Who came from an island near Japan,
A cannibal man who was tough and old
When Barnum bought him and paid the gold;
And whether the man or Barnum was sold
You will learn in this solemn story.

His teeth were sharp as the teeth of a saw
And he had two rows in his lower jaw,
Filed and polished, and ready for use
On any customer full of juice,
Or the first fine baby that lay around loose,
For babies were all his glory.

A sad mistake for a cannibal band
To come to an almost babyless land,
For babies are strangely out of style;
You may travel the country many a mile
Without the light of a baby smile,
Unless with the Dutch and Irish.

But Barnum kept his man in a cage,
Though he felt quite sure, at the fellow's age,
That his cannibalistic feats were done,
Unless he should eat a man for fun,
And once on the sly he fed him one,
Which wasn't a wise proceeding;

For having tasted a white man's meat,
He was always ready to kill and eat—
And he looked with longing at rosy girls
Who came to the show in shining curls,
With cheeks like peaches and teeth like pearls,
And he wondered how they tasted.

It happened once, when the flesh was weak,
That he snatched a bite from a rosy cheek.
When Barnum entered the cage to beat him,
The cannibal thought he had come to treat him,
And so straightway began to eat him,
Without even salt or pepper.

And though he was stringy and awful tough,
For a good square meal he proved enough.
Alas! alack! what a terrible omen!
It teaches to women as well as showmen,
That whether cannibal, Greek or Roman,
Be ever so old, you can't trust no man!

JOSH BILLINGS ON COURTING.

Perhaps it is best I should state some good a'vice to young men who are about to court, with a view to matrimony as it was.

In the first place, young man, you want to git your system awl right, and then find a young woman that wants to be courted on the square.

The next thing is to find out how old she is; which you can do by asking her, and she will say she is 19 yrs. old, and this you will find won't be far out of the way.

The next thing is to begin moderate—sa once every nite in the week for the fust six months, increasing the dose as the patient seems to require. It is a fust rate wa to court the girl's mother a little on the start; there is one thing a woman never despises, and that is a little good courting, if it is done on the square.

After the fust year you will git acquainted and like the bizness amazingly.

There is 1 thing I alway adviz, that is—not to swap forty-graffs oftener than onst in every 16 days, unless you forgit how the gal looks.

Occasionally you want to look sorry and draw in your wind, as though you had pain; this will set the girl to teazing you to find out what ails you.

Evening meetings are a good thing to attend; it will keep your religion in tune, and if your gal happens to be there bi accident, she can ask you to go home with her.

Az a general thing, I would not brag on other girls much when I was courting. It mite look as though you new too much.

If you court this wa 3 wks., all the time on the square, if you don't say it is the slickest time ov your life, you can go to the "Young America" cheap store and git measured for a plug hat and pa for it at my expense. Don't court for money, nor buty, nor relashuns; those things are about as the kerosene ile refining bizness—liable to git out ov repair and bust at anny minnit.

Court a gal for fun, for the luv you bare her, for the virtue and bizness there is in her; court her for a wife or a mother; court her as you would court a farm for its soil, and the perfection of the title;

court her as tho she warn't a phool and you another. Court her in the kitchen over the wash-tub, and at the pianner. Court this wa, young man, and if you don't git a wife the fault won't be in the courting.

Young man, you can rely on Josiar Billings, and if you can't make these rules work, jist send for him, and he will show you how the thing is did—it shan't cost you a sent.

THE STAMMERING WIFE.

J. G. SAXE.

When, deeply in love with Miss Emily Cline,
I vowed if the maiden would only be mine
I would always endeavor to please her;
She blushed her consent, tho' the stuttering lass
Said never a word, except "you're an ass—
An ass—an ass-iduous teaser!"

But when we were married I found to my ruth
The stammering lady had spoken the truth,
For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say—if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof—"you're a dog—you're a dog—
A dog—a dogmatic curmudgeon!"

And once when I said, "We can hardly afford
This extravagant style, with our moderate hoard,
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, "You're a ju—you're a ju—
A very ju-dicious adviser!"

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, "You're a cuss—cuss—cuss—
You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling that Madam was greatly to blame,
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech—like a churl as I am—
And angrily said, "You're a dam—dam—dam—
A dam-age instead of a blessing!"

NONSENSE VERSES.

EDWARD LEAR.

Said the duck to the Kangaroo:
"Good gracious! how you hop
Over the fields and the water too,
As if you never would stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond,
And I long to go out in the world beyond.
I wish I could hop like you!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

"Please give me a ride on your back!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo;
"I would sit and say nothing but 'Quack'
The whole of the long day through·
And we'd go to the Dee and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land and over the sea;
Please take me a ride, O do!'
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
"This requires a little reflection;
Perhaps on the whole it might bring me luck,
And there seems but one objection.
Which is, if you'll let me speak so bold,
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
And would probably give me the rheu-
Matiz!" said the Kangaroo.

Said the Duck, "As I sat on the rocks
I have thought of all that completely,
And I bought four pairs of worsted socks,
Which fit my web-feet neatly.
And to keep out the cold I've bought a cloak,
And every day a segar I'll smoke,
All to follow my own dear through
Love of a Kangaroo!"

Said the Kangaroo, "I'm ready!
All in the moonlight pale;
But to balance well, dear Duck, sit steady,
And quite at the end of my tail!"
So away they went, with a hop and a bound,
And they hopped the whole world three times round;
And who so happy—O, who,
As the Duck and the Kangaroo?

SPEECH OF SERGEANT BUZFUZ IN THE CASE OF BARDELL AGAINST PICKWICK.

CHARLES DICKENS.

You heard from my learned friend, Gentlemen of the Jury, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen hundred pounds. The plaintiff, Gentlemen, is a widow; yes, Gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, some time before his death, became the father, Gentlemen, of a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world and courted the retirement and tranquility of Goswell street; and here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription: "Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within." Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, Gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust,—all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "was a man of honor—Mr. Bardell was a

man of his word—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort and consolation; in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let." Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, Gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work! Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days—three days, Gentlemen—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house! He inquired within; he took the lodgings, and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant!

Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, Gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, Gentlemen, the men to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and of systematic villany. I say systematic villany, Gentlemen; as when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in Court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, further, that a counsel, in his discharge of his duty, is neither to be intimidated nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant—be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show you, Gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall

show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions, even sixpence to her little boy. I shall prove to you that, on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage—previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends—most unwilling witnesses, Gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

And now, Gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended, at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: "Garraways, twelve o'clock.—Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious Heavens! And Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. —"Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression—"Don't trouble yourself about the warming pan." The warming pan! Why, Gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnesly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminal slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, Gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you.

"But enough of this, Gentlemen, it is difficult to smile with an

aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down —but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass —but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house, even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his "alley-tors" and his "commoneys" are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of "knuckle down" and at tip-cheese or odd and even his hand is out. But Pickwick, Gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless Tomato sauce and warming pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes, without a sigh, on the ruin he has made. Damages, Gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only penalty with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for these damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen.

With this beautiful peroration Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up!

[This piece may be recited with good effect, by a little girl, the class repeating the last four lines of each verse.]

MUD PIES.

GEORGE COOPER.

Tell me, little housewives,
  Playing in the sun,
How many minutes
  Till the cooking's done.
Johnny builds the oven,
  Jenny rolls the crust,

Katy buys the flour
All of golden dust.
Pat them here, and pat them there,
What a dainty size!
Bake them on a shingle—
Nice mud pies!

Don't you hear the bluebird
High up in the air?
"Good morning, little ones,
Are you busy there?"
Pretty Mister Squirrel
Bounces down the rail,
Takes a seat and watches,
Curls his bushy tail.
Twirl them so, and mark them so
(Looking wondrous wise),
All the plums are pebbles—
Rich mud pies!

Arms that never weary,
Toiling dimple-deep;
Shut the oven door, now,
And soon we'll take a peep.
Wish we had a shower—
Think we need it so—
That would make the road-side
Such a heap of dough!
Turn them in and turn them out;
How the morning flies;
Ring the bell for dinner—
Hot mud pies!

DER SHOEMAKER'S BOY.

(*A Parody on "Mistletoe Bough."*)

Der meat-chopper hanged on der vitevashed wall,
For no gustomers comed to der putcher's stall;
Der shoemaker's poy comed there to blay,
Cause der putcher poys all had a holiday.

On der door of der cellar mit dem to shlide,
Ven nopody vas looking he shtealed inside;
Mit der sassage machine he begin to make free,
Und he gried, "Dere ish nopody looking at me."
Oh! der shoemaker's poy,
Und oh! der shoemaker's poy!

Der day goed away und der night comed on,
Und der shoemaker found dat his poy vas gone;
He called up his frau, und der search pegan,
To seek for der leetle poy und found him if dey can;
In der garret, der cellar, und effery blace round,
At der putcher's, der paker's, und in der tog pound,
At der lager peer cellar und shtation house,
But der answer dey getted vas, "Nix cum arous."
Oh! der shoemaker's poy,
Und oh! der shoemaker's poy!

Dey seeked him all night and dey seeked him next day,
Und for more as a month vas der tuyvel to pay;
Dey seeked him in vain until weeks vas bassed,
Und der shoemaker goed to his awl at last;
His frau she looked solemn und viped her eye
Mit her apron, und den she sat down to gry;
Und ven he'd pass by all der beeples vould gry,
Dere goes der poor shoemaker vot losed his poy.
Oh! der shoemaker's poy,
Und oh! der shoemaker's poy!

At length der meat-chopping mashine vas in need,
Der putcher goed to it und dere he seed
A pundle of pones und der shoes vas dere,
Vat der long-lost shoemaker's poy did vear;
His jaws vas still vaggin' und seemed to say,
Ven nopody vas looking I got in to blay;
It closed mit a spring, und der poy so green,
Vas made sassage meat mit der chopping machine.
Oh! der shoemaker's poy,
Und oh! the shoemaker's poy!

A TRAGIC STORY.

CHAMISSO.

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore,
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him!

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found;
I'll turn me round." He turned him round,
But still it hung behind him!

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him!

And right and left, and roundabout,
And up and down, and in and out
He turned, but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him!

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twirl and twist and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

MOSQUITOES.

True mosquitoes are small at the waist, delicate in their organization, round-shouldered, and inclined to consumption. Their disposition is flighty. Some people think mosquitoes are a humbug; but they are not. There is nothing so real as mosquitoes. You can see 'em.

When you can't see 'em, you can hear 'em. When you don't hear 'em, you can feel 'em. And when you neither see, hear, nor feel 'em, you may know they've been around, because they've made their mark.

We all love mosquitoes so well that we offer them our hand, and are always wanting to squeeze them; and although they like us, being shy, they reject our proposals at first, and then take us when we are least prepared for them.

Mosquitoes are well educated. In music they use the Italian school of singing,—thrills, shakes, quavers, flying notes, and words not understood. It is decidedly sensation music, and, like all sensation music generally, it is thrilling in its effect; but one soon tires of it. Lying in bed, you hear the distant song of the mosquito: a feeling of dread comes over you, succeeded, as the song sounds come nearer, by a thrilling of the nerves, and, when close to your ears, the excitement becomes such as to cause your blood to boil, and your hands to strike forcibly your own head and ears. If such is the effect of a single mosquito's song on a single individual, what a perfect *furore* of excitement might be created by a singing band of mosquitoes over a Boston Music Hall audience! Operatic *impressarios* are welcome to this hint. Everybody knows that mosquitoes *draw* well.

Mosquitoes are philosophers. They understand gravitation. If a hand or other weighty substance should fall, they know there's danger, and get out of the way. And they understand suction so well, that they put a steam fire engine to the blush.

Mosquitoes are educated in the allopathic school of medicine: they believe in bleeding. They differ from men in applying the theory: they first present their bill, and then bleed you. They don't understand human nature enough to know that no man likes to have a bill presented before the work is done. Mosquitoes also know how to develop humor—a bad humor: they will *pity* a man so much in one night, that his face will look very *humorous* next morning. As mathematicians, mosquitoes understand subtraction, and also multiply very fast.

As base ballists mosquitoes are a success. They always come in "on a fly," and rarely go out on one. As "pitchers," they always pitch in, never mind who their opponents are. As "catchers," they

often catch their opponents napping, and rarely get caught themselves. Everybody likes them "in the field;" and they often make "home runs." They fail at the "bat," but get a good many bats. As "tallyists," they make their "innings;" but they are not good "umpires," being apt to raise a row.

Mosquitoes, like dogs, have their days. In dog days, dogs are expected to go mad. Mosquito days begin with dog days, and end with the first frost. Then they die happy; they gather in large bands under the trees, and there, flying up and down, they sing their death song. Man exults in their death; the mosquitoes exult; all is exultant; and soon after the Governor appoints Thanksgiving.

OUR MINISTER'S SERMON.

Our minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
"There's Brown, the mis'rable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent towards buyin' a dinner."

I tell you our minister is prime, he is;
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a givin' it right and left
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin'
For Peters and Johnson they sat and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.

I don't think much of the man that gives
The loud amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'!"

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth
Not once, after that, to holler;
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course, I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk,
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time,
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin's out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And coming to church to see the styles,
I could't help a-winkin'
And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application.
Now, if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As a sort o' moral umbrellas,

Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers'.
Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smiling'.
And lots o' looking at our pew,
It sot my blood a-bilin',
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him, when the meetin's out, that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

LEGAL WHISKERS.

As o'er their wine and walnuts sat,
Talking of this and then of that,
Two wights well learned in the law—
That is, well skilled to find a flaw—
Said one companion to the other,
"How is it, most respected brother,
That you, of late, have shaven away
Those whiskers which for many a day
Had ornamented much your cheek?
Sure 'twas an idle, silly freak."
To whom the other answer gave,
With look half merry and half grave,
"Though others be by whiskers graced,
A lawyer can't be too bare-faced!"

THE BEAUTIFUL BALLAD OF WASKA WEE.

Her voice was sweet as a ban-do-lin,
Her mouth was small as the head of a pin;
Her eyes ran up, and her chin ran down—
Oh, she was the belle of Yeddo town.

Now, lovely Waska Singty Wee,
So good to hear, so sweet to see,
The fairest maiden in all Japan,
Fell dead in love with a Turkish man.

This Turkish man a turban had,
This Turkish man was sly and bad;
He whispered unto Miss Waska Wee:
"Oh, fly with me to my own Turkee!"

"Oh, fly with me to my own Turkee!
And robes of gold I'll give to thee—
A girdle of pearl and love for life,
If thou wilt be my eighteenth wife!"

Now simple Waska Singty Wee,
So good to hear, so fair to see,
Resolved behind her bashful fan
To be eighteenth wife to the Turkish man.

But though her heart was full of glee
She hung her head and said to he:
"If thou should die, my Turkish beau,
Where would poor Waska Singty go?"

Then this horrid, sly, old Turkish man
Declared he'd die on the English plan.
"And so," said he, "my bright winged bird,
Thou'lt have for thy fortune the widow's third."

Then flew the maid to the Mi-ca-*do*,
And told the plan of her Turkish beau.
"And now," said she, "the whole thou'st heard,
How much will it be, this widow's third?"

Now the Mi-ca-*do* was wondrous wise,
He opened his mouth and shut his eyes:
"The widow's third, oh, daughter! will be
Whatever the law will allow to thee."

Then flew the maid to the court of Lords,
Where every man wore a brace of swords,
And bade them name what sum would be hers
When the Turk should go to his forefathers.

They sat in council from dawn till night,
And sat again till morning light,
Figured and counted and weighed, to see
What an eighteenth widow's third would be.

And the end of it all, as you well might know,
Was nought but grief to the Turkish beau;
For lovely Waska Singty Wee
Said, "Go back *alone* to your old Turkee!"

SPRING SURPRISES.

The parson paused by the strawberry bed,
Upon his face a frown;
The berries were forming full, ripe and red,
The birds sang merrily over head,
Yet gravely he looked down.

The parson strode by the garden path,
Beneath the apple trees,
From each rosy blossom a honey bath
Unheeding he shook, but his words of wrath
Died 'mid the stir of bees.

The parson reclined in his study chair,
The ink on his pen was dry,
And softly the air stirred his silvery hair,
As, musing with wearisome look of care,
He heaved a mournful sigh.

But he suddenly cast his pen aside,
And pacing to and fro,

Quoth: "What is our life but a dream of pride?
Destruction stalks forth on every side,
And if my wife *should* know!

"What matters it all if I can maintain
My right to reap and sow?
To gather what I have planted in pain?"
Here he paused, and murmured the same refrain:
"But—if my *wife* should know!"

I passed next morning, and under the trees
I saw the parson stand,
Amid rustle of leaves and hum of bees,
'Mid glint of flowers, yet brighter than hese,
His look serene and bland.

But what saw I in the shrubbery there,
That filled me with affright—
So dismally white and gaunt and bare,
Yet floating so daintily in the air,
As if to mock the sight?

Three ghastly skeletons stood in a row,
To guard the berry patch;
The soft breeze tilted them to and fro,
And their old bones rattled a chanting low,
"No berries here you snatch!"

Three skeletons brought from a closet down,
Where they had lived at ease;
And the birds were all flown, far up and down
In wildest rambles through country and town—
Naught had they seen like these.

The parson stood by his strawberry bed,
His wife came strolling down,
The berries were large and ripe and red.
"Dear, your hoops have saved the berries," he said;
"Buy new ones in the town."

THE BALLAD OF A BUTCHER.

It was a gruesome butcher,
With countenance saturnine;
He stood at the door of his little shop,
It was the hour of nine.

The children going by the school
Looked in at the open door;
They loved to see the sausage machine
And hear its awful roar.

The butcher he looked out and in,
Then horribly he swore;
Next yawned, then, smiling, he licked his chops;
Quoth he: "Life's an awful bore!"

"Now here's all these dear little children,
Some on 'em might live to be sixty;
Why shouldn't I save them the trouble to wunst,
An' chop 'em up slipperty licksty?"

So he winked to the children and beckoned 'em in:
"Oh, don't ye's want some candy?
But ye see ye'll have to come into the shop,
For out here it isn't handy!"

He 'ticed them into the little shop,
The machine went round and round,
And when these poor babes came out again
They fetched ten cents a pound.

DREAM OF A SPELLING BEE.

PUNCH.

Menageries where sleuth hounds caracole,
Where jaguar phalanx and phlegmatic gnu
Fright ptarmigan and kestrels cheek by jowl,
With peewit and precocious cockatoo.

Gaunt seneschals in crotchety cockades,
With seine net trawl for porpoise in lagoons,
While scullions gauge erratic escapades
Of madrepores in water-logged galoons.

Flamboyant triptychs groined with gherkins green,
In reckless fracas with coquettish bream,
Ecstatic gargoyles, with grotesque chagrin,
Garnish the gruesome nightmare of my dream.

BITUMEN.

In the flush times, when oil wells were the theme
Whereon all enterprising minds were dwelling,
And every speculator's fondest dream
Saw great Petroleum's aromatic stream—
The fat of nature's broth, plutonic cream—
Spontaneously from his own well upwelling,
Twelve gentlemen, on money making bent,
Assembled in an upper chamber spacious,
To listen to an "enterprising gent,"
While he to them should make it evident
Much money might be made for little spent
By any one sufficiently sagacious;
To furnish funds, by him to be invested
In a location he himself had tested:
"The territory where that well and derrick are
Is the best oil country in America.
The drill will very shortly reach the bed rock,
Being already promisingly started."

We paid our money and we took our stock,
Whereat our disinterested friend departed.
And then I marked, as I have marked before,
'Twas not possessing riches great or small

That fixed the due proportion each one bore.
Those who have little always give the more,
And those give least who have the greatest store.
On them all burdens do most lightly fall,
While some are like the cobbler in his stall
When into one small hole he puts his little awl.

Why need I here repeat the old, old story?
We never saw again our cherished pelf;
The hearer will have guessed so *à priori*,
And very likely knows how 'tis himself.
When the whole enterprise had gone to pot,
Once more we stockholders convened a meeting
In the same sadly well remembered spot—
We came to see where all our wealth was *not*,
And to the rest one then and there gave greeting:
"We poor outsiders do not feel so sore
(Although we're neither more nor less than human)
At having sacrificed our little store,
For you rich folks, who know so vastly more,
Have been deceived in spite of your acumen;
And this deep hole, that's proved so great a bore,
Although it has no oil it has *bit-you-men*."

POMP AND I.

Pomp lies in one chair, I in another.
(Pomp's a black cat, I'm his brother.)

There we lie blinkin' in the sun,
Blinkin' and thinkin'. Oh! what fun.

What d' you 'spose we're thinkin' 'bout?
One o' the things no fellow can find out.

I'm so glad I'm nothing but a cat.
Pomp he says, "that's so," to that.

Fat and lazy all day long,
Plenty to eat and can't do wrong.

When it comes to the end of day
We go to sleep in a bed of hay.

All I can say is, I'm happy as a cat.
"Happy as a clam," is nothin' to that.

THE MONKEY TO THE POLYP.

Evolved from thee, forsooth, thou thing!
Thou pulpy nondescript, with no sure place
In either kingdom. Who the faintest trace,
Perceives of future power and Simian grace
In thee, small polyp?

Behold these limbs, so supple and so strong;
These eyes, which keen intelligence express;
This tail! Oh, may its shadow ne'er grow less
In that humiliating base process!
The (so-called) wise affirm.

Darwin forbear! The very thought
Of evolution from a pulp like this
Doth make all Simiadæ howl and hiss—
We that are ranked as gods and live in bliss
Where India's temples rise.

Give us the proof, ye scientists! Bring on
The fossil beast whose lineaments betray
Transition's progress; then, perhaps, we may
Believe the wild romance. But, now—nay, nay,
'Tis ducks we surely hear.

Survival of the fittest! If, indeed,
This doctrine be the true one, tell me why
Yon ugly mandrill stalks beneath the sky,
While fairer Simian flowers in silence lie
To frisk no more.

Search the Silurian beds for proof, what then ?
Your megatherium, towering to the sky,
And ichthyosaurus will not yet supply
The missing link to tell how such as I
Sprang from a polyp.

ROAST PIG.—A BIT OF LAMB.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork, those hobbledehoys that a young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest; his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner or *præludium* of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed or boiled; but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument.

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well watched, not over roasted *crackling*, as it is well called. The very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet, in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous—oh, call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it, the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud, taken in the shoot in the first innocence; the cream and quintessence of the child pig's yet pure food; the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna; or rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him while he is "doing;" it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! He hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies, shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle: how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagree-

able animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation. From these sins he is happily snatched away. His memory is odoriferous. No clown curseth while his stomach half rejecteth the rank bacon. No coal heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages. He hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapors. Pineapple is great. She is, indeed, almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender conscienced person would do well to pause: too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her. She is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish; but she stoppeth at the palate; she meddleth not with the appetite; and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may fatten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed character, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than the other. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all round. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbor's fare.

THE DECK HAND AND THE MULE.

The mule stood on the steamboat deck,
  The land he would not tread:
They pulled the halter round his neck
  And whacked him o'er the head.

But obstinate and braced he stood,
  As born the scene to rule—
A creature of the hold back brood,
  A stubborn, steadfast mule.

They cursed and swore: he would not go
Until he felt inclined;
And, though they thundered blow on blow,
He altered not his mind.

The deck hand to the shore complained,
"The varmint's bound to stay!"
And still upon the critter's hide
A sounding lash made play.

His master, from the shore, replied,
"The boat's about to sail;
As other means in vain you've tried,
Suppose you twist his tail.

It's likely that will make him land!"
The deck hand, brave, though pale,
The nearer drew, with outstretched hand
To make the twist avail.

Then came a kick of thunder sound;
The deck hand—where was he?
Ask of the waves, that far around
Beheld him in the sea.

A moment, not a voice was heard,
But winked the mule his eye
As though to ask to him occurred—
"Now, how was that for high?"

"Just cut his throat!" the captain roared,
"And end the awful brute."
But the noblest soul who perished there
Was he who tried to do't.

THE SOLEMN BOOK AGENT.

He was tall, solemn and dignified. One would have thought him a Roman senator on his way to make a speech on finance. But he

wasn't—singularly enough, he wasn't. He was a book agent. He wore a linen duster; and his brow was furrowed with many care lines, as if he had been obliged to tumble out of bed every other night of his life to dose a sick child. He called into a tailor shop on Randolph street, removed his hat, took his "Lives of Eminent Philosophers" from his cambric bag, and approached the tailor with—

"I'd like to have you look at this rare work."

"I haf no time," replied the tailor.

"It is a work which every thinking man should delight to peruse," continued the agent.

"Zo?" said the tailor.

"Yes. It is a work on which a great deal of deep thought has been expended, and it is pronounced by such men as Wendell Phillips to be a work without a rival in modern literature."

"Makes anybody laugh when he zees it?" asked the tailor.

"No, my friend; this is a deep, profound work, as I have already said. It deals with such characters as Theocritus, Socrates and Plato, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. If you desire a work on which the most eminent author of our day has spent years of study and research, you can find nothing to compare with this.

"Does it shpeak about how to glean cloze?" anxiously asked the man of the goose.

"My friend, this is no receipt book, but an eminent work on philosophy, as I have told you. Years were consumed in preparing this volume for the press, and none but the clearest mind could have grasped the subjects herein discussed. If you desire food for deep meditation you have it here."

"Does dis pook say sumding about der Prussian war?" asked the tailor, as he threaded his needle.

"My friend, this is not an everyday book, but a work on philosophy—a work which will soon be in the hands of every profound thinker in the country. What is the art of philosophy? This book tells you. Who were, and who are our philosophers? Turn to these pages for a reply. As I said before, I don't see how you can do without it."

"And he don't haf any dings about some fun, eh?" inquired the tailor, as the book was held to him.

"My friend, must I again inform you that this is not an ephemeral work—not a collection of nauseous trash, but a rare, deep work on philosophy? Here, see the name of the author. That name alone should be proof enough to your mind that the work cannot be surpassed for profundity of thought. Why, sir, Gerritt Smith testifies to the greatness of this volume!"

"I not knows Mr. Schmidt; I make no cloze mit him," returned the tailor in a doubting voice.

"Then you will let me leave your place without having secured your name to this volume? I cannot believe it. Behold what research! Turn these leaves and see these gems of richest thought. Ah! if we only had such minds, and could wield such a pen. But we can read, and, in a measure, we can be like him. Every family should have this noble work. Let me put your name down; the book is only twelve dollars."

"Zwelve dollars for der pook! Zwelve dollars, und he has noddings about der war, und no fun in him, or say noddings how to get glean cloze! What you take me for, mister? Go right away mit dat pook or I call der bolice and haf you locked up pooty quick!"

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

You, Nebuchadnezzar whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you for to know, sah,
I's a-holdin' ob the lines.
You'd better stop that prancin';
You's powerful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob your shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out—
Fus' ting you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear this line out
On your ugly stubborn back.

You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' that precious heel up;
You's got to plow dis fiel' up—
You has, sah, for a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He's comin's right down to it;
Jes' watch him plowin' t'roo it;
Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him—
I know jest how to treat him.
You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
If he was only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a-'cickin'!
He's as gentle as a chicken,
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzar.

* * * * * *

Is dis heah me or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Was dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I been heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast was spiled in raisin'—
By now I 'spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

SPEECH OF THE HON. PERVESE PEABODY ON THE ACQUISITION OF CUBA.

Feller citizens, gentlemen and ladies, Mr. President: I rise before this august body with phelinks more easily described than imagined. Colder than a statooary, more deader nor Julius Cæsar,

must be the buzzum of him who could look araound on this here assemblage without emotions big enuf to choke an ox risin' in his throat. As I look araound what dew I see? On the one hand, the magnits and magnitaries of science, on t'other a parfeck constellation of beauty in the shape of female women. Sir, sich a speck-tackle is calkerlated to melt an isuckle or draw tears from a horse-shoe. In view of sich scenes, I ax, in the name of Pontius Pilate at the siege of Corinth, "lives there a man with soul so dead as never to hisself has said" this is *my* kedantry. Mr. Pres. Sir: Altho' this here society in its more gineral bearings is designed to settle all questions pertainin' to the hull world, and for the perpetooation of the grate principals of human indewrance, as laid down in the Magny Charter, habeas corpus and the forty thieves, yet the question now on hand, to be attended to right away, is annexation in gineral, Cuby in pertikerlar. Sir, what are we? By *we*, I mean the biggest, the fastest, the moast onmitigated nation on which the sun, from its risin' in the purple chariots of the Oriental hemispheres of the East, to the goin' daoun tharof in the flambient hyfalutins of the West, shines on. Need I say I allude to the suvrin galaxy of the onterrified States, which stans afore the world a bacon of light, conspikerous in the surroundin' darkness as a tarler candle in sullar. I say, sir, What are we? Hark! From the battle-fields of Madawaska on the one hand, and from the amphibeous insyclopedys of the grate Western pararies, swells and busts one universal response—we are Angoly Saxonies, Dimmercratic platitudes and manifest destinies. What do we want? Sir, we want all them leetle strips of land which jine us, whether unoccupied, except by bares, wolves, shanghies, injuns and howlin' wildernesses, or whether possessed by them what hain't got Angoly Saxony blood a-runnin in their veins. Sir, this is natral. Novy Zembly, Pattygoney, Buzzard Bay, Oysteraly, Pemaquid, Canady, and the two hemispheres with lands contigerous, up to 54–49, in the parallels commencin' at a stake and stone in Otisfield and runnin thro' the ekynoctial tropic of Apricot and Kansas, the finger of Natur points out as our own. Mr. Pres.: I have taken a heap of pains to get the boundaries right, and I may say, withaout seemin praoud, I *am* posted up; and I challenge the hull world to prove me wrong in a single figger, unless it be in

regard to Pemaquid, which, lyin' in the seventeenth allegory, and bounded westerly by the Magdelene clouds, and Easterly by the Tom-Bigbee mountains, makes it onsartain whether a bee line runnin' thro' the kimmercal underlations of hydergin would strike it. Now sir, whar does Cuby lie? Ef I had a mat of the Universe, a pair of compasses and a yard stick here, I'd pint out the sitooation of that gem of the Cariboo seas and queen of the Antipodes. But as thar hain't but one mat in taown, and that belongs to a federalist, who's an inimy of annexation, and wouldn't lend it, I must give you a verbum rum derscription by word of maouth. Cuby is a perninsuly, entirely surrounded by salt water, lyin' in latitude 482, 2 hours 14 minutes and 43 seconds, Nor by Nor East. Longevity 54-49. Climit permiskerous. Sometimes it's hot. Sometimes tain't. Back in the perraries it's healthy; while, owin' to fogs and rumatiz, the sea coast is so salubrious that nobody but alligators can live thar, except for a short time between the last of June and the furst of July. Proddux: Maple sugar, punkins, tin ware, wooden combs, corkscrews, rum, merlasses and niggers. The inhabitants are mostly black and blue, tho' some is striped. Habits permiskerous; durin' the hurrycane months (thar ar twelve of them months), percarious. The poorer classes lives on what they can git while they do live, arter that they don't live on nothing. The rich eats sum biled eggs; but their staple and daily dialect is rum and onions, half and half. Mr. Pres.: This here detestable land, literly flowin' with merlasses, and chuck full of likely niggers, is aourn. Yes, sir, it is jist as much ourn as is your horse or your caow, wich has strayed from your paster. Cuby is a stray from this onmitigated Republic. Again I wish I had a mat I could show you that it onst jined on to the State of Maine. By it I could show you how the North shore of Cuby and the coast of Maine would fit together jest like two parts of a broken sarser. Now, sir, if this air hypothecary are correct (and I'd like to see the critter that'll dispute it), why, we've only to prove property and take back our own agin, and if any outlandish furriners darst to say anything, lick 'em. Sir, the time ain't fur off when this devout consummation will become a fixed statoot. That are happy period is comin' on at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, when the streaked banner of our common kedantry shall wave

in triumph over this lost but recovered jewel from the diaphragm of the E Pluribus Onion. Then, while that almighty specimen of poultry, and most onterrified faowl, the American eagle, roosts in the towers of Moro Castle, we'll lick the merlasses and haze the niggers. Mr. Pres.: Thar is a destiny that shapes our ends, whether we will or whether we won't. Our destiny is a manifest one, and it pints us onmistakably to Cuby and all the 'tother consarns raound about, askin' us to make a long arm and help ourselves.

HALF WAY DOIN'S.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

Belubbed fellow trabelers: In holdin' forth to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say;
De sermon will be berry short, and dis here am the tex':
Dat "half way doin's ain't no 'count for dis worl' or de nex'."

Dis worl' dat we's a libbin' in is like a cotton row,
Whar ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe;
And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-growin' for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep agoin', jes' as fas' as fas' could be;
Do you s'pose dat dey could ebber hab succeeded in deir wish,
And reached de Promised Land at last, if dey had stopped to fish?

My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar Adam libbed wid Eve,
Wid no one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to thieve,
And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free,
And eberyting belonged to them except an apple tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake come snoopin' 'roun'—
A stump tail rusty moccasin, crawlin' on the groun'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid deir face,
Till de angel oberseer he come and drove 'em off de place.

Now, s'pose dat man and 'ooman hadn't 'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin', and 'tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey had no business to,
And de debbil nebber'd got a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half way doin's, bredren! It'll nebber do, I say!
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play—
For even if de crap is good de rain'll spoil de bolls,
Unless you keep a pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a ploughin' and a hoein', and a scrapin' ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owes,
But if you quits a workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff 's gwine to lebby upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber 'tis you's dribin' at, be shore and dribe it through,
And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin', den, as shore's you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end ob de horn.

I thanks you for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon;
Sister Williams will oblige us by a raisin' ob a tune.
I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass aroun' de hat,
And don't let's hab no half way doin's when it comes to dat!

CHURCH BELLES.

GEORGE COOPER.

Coming in couples,
  Smiling so sweetly;
Up the long aisle
  Tripping so neatly.

Flutter of feathers,
  Rustle of dresses,
Fixing of ribbons,
  Shaking of tresses.

Envying bonnets,
Looking at laces,
Nodding at neighbors,
Peering in faces.

On all around them
Gazing benignly:
Then, with the choir
Singing divinely.

Whispering slyly,
Heeding no sermon;
What they are there for?
Hard to determine.

Prosy discourses
Don't suit their whims;
Plain they assemble
Just for the "Hims."

THE MILESTONE.

GEORGE COOPER.

Along the road two Irish lads
One summer's day were walking,
And all the while, with laugh and grin,
In lively strain were talking

About the fair, about the girls,
And who were best at dancing;
While at each pretty face they met
Their eyes were brightly glancing.

And so they strode for many a mile,
And grew in time quite frisky,
As now and then, from lip to lip,
They passed the darling whiskey.

At length, a milestone standing close
Beside the hedge they saw,
And straightway up to it they went
To con its letters o'er.

They read, and quickly doffed their hats,
With sorrow in each face;
Then lightly stepped above the sod,
And turned to leave the place.

"Spake low, we're near the dead," cried one,
"His grave we'll not be troublin';
An old man, sure! 100, and
His name is *Miles* from *Dublin!*"

SCHNEIDER'S RIDE.

[*A parody on Sheridan's Ride.*]

(OOFTY GOOFT) GUS PHILLIPS.

From gross der rifer, ad broke of day,
Bringin' by Brooklyn fresh dismay,
Der news vas send by a Dudchman drue
Dot der officers of der refenue
Vood be ofer in less as a hour or dwo
To confiscate all der viskey dey got
In Schneider's blace or near der shbot.

Und vilder yed dem rumors dey flew,
Dill Schneider dinn'd know vat to do;
So he glosed der doors und barred dem dight,
Saying, "Dey kin hammer avay mit all der might;
Of de gid dem oben before id's night,
Den I don'd know—but ye shall see
Who is der shmardesd, dem or me!"
For a hour or dree no resd he got,
Shdill Schneider shdaid righd on der shbot.

Bud dere is a shdreed in Brooklyn down
Dot isn'd bafed, dot leads righd down
To Goney Island, und vat is more
(Dot's a vonder id nefer vas used before),
It vas righd in frond of der back of der shdore,
Und dere on dot road vas nine drucks und a cart,
Loading mit viskey all ready to shdart;
Dey're mosd all loaded, und Schneider is gay,
In den momends he'll be boud a mile avay.

Dey're off, und noding is lef to show
Vat vay dey made up deir minds to go,
Und eferyding is mofed, yed nod a sound
Kin be heerd bud der veels agoin around;
As dey mofe so shwifdly ofer der ground;
Und Schneider looks back und says, "Goot day,"
For now he's more as fife miles avay,

Shdill jumps dem horses, shdill on dey go,
Und de vay dey mofe dot isn'd shlow,
Dey're goin down hill, und fasder und fasder
Dey're drifen ahead by Schneider, der masder,
Who shduck to dem now like a poor man's blaster,
For vell he knows dot if now he's dooked,
He kin make ub his mind dot his goose vos cooked,
So efery mussels dey pring in blay,
Cause dey aind any more as den miles avay!

Under dheir flyin' hoofs der road,
Like a grade big mud gudder dot flowed,
Und der flies dot had come all der vay from town,
Now got tired und had to lay down
To took a shmall resd upon der ground;
For "Schneid" und der wagons, dem vent so fasd
Dod efen der flies gifed oud at last;
Der dust vas dick und der horses gray,
Und Schneider vas fifdeen miles avay!

Der wery first ding dot Schneider saw
Vas der sand, und he heerd der ocean roar.
He shmelled der salt in der goot olt preeze
Dot vafed ofer vere dere vasn'd some drees,
Und he feld firsd rade mit his mind ad ease.
Und dem wery horses dem seemed to say—
"Ve pringed you Schneider all der vay
From Brooklyn town und safed der viskey,
But 'bon our vords 'dwas radder risky!"
Hurrah! hurrah! for Schneider drue!
Hurrah! hurrah! for der horses, doo!
Und ven deir shdadurs vas high und dry,
Let some bully boy mit a grockery eye
Gid ub on der dop of a barrel und gry—
"Dese is der horses dot safed der day
By carting der viskey und Schneider gay
From Brooklyn—dwendy miles avay!

THE STUBBORN BOOT.

"Bother!" was all John Clattery said.
His breath came quick and his cheek was red,
He flourished his elbows, and looked quite bored,
While over and over, his "Bother!" I heard.
Harder and harder the fellow worked,
Vainly and savagely still he jerked;
The boot, half on, would dangle and flap—
"Bother!" and then he burst the strap.

Redder than ever his hot cheek flamed;
Harder than ever he fumed and blamed;
He wriggled his heel and tugged at the leather
Till knees and chin came bumping together.

"My boy," said I, in a voice like a flute,
"Why not—ahem!—try the mate of that boot,
Or the other foot!" "I'm a goose," laughed John
And he stood in a flash with his two boots on.

In half the affairs
Of this busy life
(As that same day
I said to my wife),
Our troubles come
From trying to put
The left hand shoe
On the right hand foot,
Or vice versa
(Meaning reverse, sir),
To try to force,
As quite of course,
Any wrong foot
In the right shoe
Is the silliest thing
A man can do.

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

'Twas on the famous trotting ground,
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near; the "cracks" were there
Whose deeds the sporting prints declare;
The swift g. m., old Hiram's nag,
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag;
With these a third—and who is he
That stands beside his fast b. g.?
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
So fills the nasal trump of fame.
There, too, stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed;
Green horses, also, not a few—
Unknown as yet what they could do;
And all the hacks that know so well
The scourging of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day;
The bordering turf is green with May;
The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
On sorrel chestnut, bay and roan;
The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play,
And dance and toss their rippled manes,
Shining and soft as silken skeins;
Wagons and gigs are ranged about,
And fashion flaunts her gay turnout;
Here stands—each youthful Jehu's dream—
The jointed tandem, ticklish team!
And there in ampler breadth expand
The splendors of the four in hand;
On faultless ties and glossy tiles
Their lovely bonnets beam their smiles
(The style's the man, so books avow;
The style's the woman anyhow);
From flounces frothed with creamy lace
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye—
O woman, in your hours of ease
So coy with us, so free with these!

"Come on! I'll bet you two to one
I'll make him do it!" "Will you? Done!"
What was it, who was bound to do?
I did not hear and can't tell you—
Pray listen till my story's through.

Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one horse shay—
Lent to his sexton for the day.
(A funeral, so the sexton said;
His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast;
His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
The gray was sprinkled in his hair;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not,
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him down—
The steed's the statesman's common lot!
"And are we then so soon forgot?"
Ah me! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name, "Old Blue,"
Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young!

"Bring forth the horse!" Alas! he showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode;
Scant maned, sharp backed and shaky kneed.
The wreck of what was once a steed.
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton, laughing in his sleeve,
As if 't were all a make believe,
Led forth the horse, and as he laughed
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his headstall, set him free
From strap and rein—a sight to see!

So worn, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him!
It is! his back the pigskin strides
And flaps his lank rheumatic sides;
With look of mingled scorn and mirth
They buckle round the saddle girth;
With horsey wink and saucy toss
A youngster throws his legs across,

And so, his rider on his back,
They lead him limping to the track,
Far up behind the starting point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he pass'd,
One pitying look old Hiram cast;
"Go it, ye cripple, while ye can!"
Cried out an unsentimental Dan;
"A Fast Day dinner for the crows!"
Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking beam
First feels the gathering head of steam,
With warning cough and threatening wheeze
The stiff old charger crooks his knees—
At first with cautious step sedate,
As if he dragged a coach of state.
He's not a colt; he knows full well
That time is weight and sure to tell;
No horse so sturdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand,
The old horse nears the judges' stand,
Beneath his jockey's feather weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.

"Go!" Through his ear the summons sung
As if a battle trump had rung;
The slumbering instincts, long unstirred,
Start at the old familiar word;
It thrills like flame through every limb—
What mean his twenty years to him?
The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;

The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;
Alike to him are spur and rein,
He steps a five-year-old again!

Before the quarter pole was past
Old Hiram said "He's going fast."
Long ere the quarter was a half
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh
Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file!
Off went a shoe, away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun.

The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oaths he used to swear
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane;
He'll lose his hold—he sways and reels—
He'll slide beneath those trampling heels!
The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,
And shouts arise from left and right,
"Stick on! Stick on!" "Hould tight! Hould tight!"
"Cling round his neck and don't let go—
That pace can't hold—there! steady! whoa!"
But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;
And now the stand he rushes by,
And "Stop him!—stop him!" is the cry.
"Stand back! he's only just begun—
He's having out three heats in one!"

"Don't rush in front! he'll smash your brains;
But follow up and grab the reins!"
Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
And sprang impatient at the word;
Budd Doble started on his bay,
Old Hiram followed on his gray,
And off they spring and round they go,
The fast ones "doing all they know."
Look! twice they follow at his heels,
As round the circling course he wheels,
And whirls with him that clinging boy,
Like Hector round the walls of Troy;
Still on, and on, the third time round!
They're tailing off! they're losing ground!
Budd Doble's nag begins so fail,
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!
And see! in spite of whip and shout,
Old Hiram's mare is giving out!
Now for the finish! At the turn
The old horse—all the rest astern—
Comes swinging in with easy trot:
By Jove! he's distanced all the lot!

That trot no mortal could explain;
Some said, "Old Dutchman come again!"
Some took his time—at least they tried,
But what it was could none decide;
One said he couldn't understand
What happened to his second hand;
One said 2:10; *that* couldn't be—
More like two twenty-two or three.
Old Hiram settled it at last;
"The time was two—too dee-vel-ish fast!"

The parson's horse had won the bet;
It cost him something of a sweat.
Back in the one horse shay he went;
The parson wondered what it meant,

And murmured, with a mild surprise
And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
"That funeral must have been a trick,
Or corpses drive at double quick;
I shouldn't wonder, I declare,
If brother Murray made the prayer!"

And this is all I have to say
About the parson's poor old bay,
The same that drew the one horse shay.

Moral for which this tale is told:
A horse *can* trot, for all he's old.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

England's sun was setting o'er the hills so far away—
Filled the land with misty beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden fair—
He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and damp and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart;
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shaddowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever—tried to do it just and right—
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre Bessie made a solemn vow,
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood *must die!*"
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
One low murmur scarcely spoken—"Curfew *must not* ring to-night."

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light—
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew *shall not* ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew *shall not* ring to-night."

Out she swung—far out—the city seemed a tiny speck below;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the half deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),
While he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"*Curfew shall not ring to-night.*"

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred years before,
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done
Should be told long ages after. As the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white,
Tell the children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden beauty now;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn,
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty light—
"Go, your lover lives," cried Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

AN ILL KEPT SECRET.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Spring has come, though nobody yet knows it—
Nobody but I and pert Miss Briar,
Briar Rose, and Miss Willow tree,
They are secret keepers but they show it,
For each blushes red as you pass by her,
Blushes guilty red for all to see.

And the Robin knows it also, bless him!
He came back as soon as he suspected,
And he hops and flicks and winks and chatters,
Till the veriest owl that flies would guess him
Full of secrets, which he fears suspected—
Secrets touching other people's matters.

And the tulip knows it, and the crocus,
For I heard them whispering to each other
In the drowsy darkness, where they hide them:
"Some one knocked. Who was it knocked and woke us?
Surely Mother Spring has come, my brother."
And they roused the daffodils beside them.

And the Winter guesses. Dark and grimly
Frowned his icy face, and fierce his growling
As an angry lion's, crouched to bite her,
As the dainty Spring so fair and trimly
Brushed by him, and fled before the howling
Winds and cold sleet which he flung to fright her
We all know it, and each glad tale-bearer
Speeds the happy news, too good for keeping.
Winter scowleth wrathfully and curses;
Robin gossips loud to each wayfarer;
Willow blushes, crocus can't help peeping,
And I tell the secret in these verses.

THE STORM.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

The tempest rages wild and high,
The waves lift up their voice and cry
Fierce answers to the angry sky—
Miserere Domine.

Through the black night and driving rain
A ship is struggling, all in vain,
To live upon the stormy main—
Miserere Domine.

The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,
Vain is it now to strive or dare;
A cry goes up of great despair—
Miserere Domine.

The stormy voices of the main,
The moaning wind and pelting rain
Beat on the nursery window pane—
Miserere Domine.

Warm curtained was the little bed,
Soft pillowed was the little head;
"The storm will wake the child," they said—
Miserere Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
"Father, save those at sea to-night!"—
Miserere Domine.

The morning shone all clear and gay
On a ship at anchor in the bay,
And on a little child at play—
Gloria tibi Domine!

THE REQUITAL.

Loud roared the tempest,
Fast fell the sleet;
A little child angel
Passed down the street,
With trailing pinions
And weary feet.

The moon was hidden,
No stars were bright,
So she could not shelter
In heaven that night,
For the angels' ladders
Are rays of light.

She beat her wings
At each window pane,
And pleaded for shelter,
But all in vain.
"Listen," they said,
"To the pelting rain!"

She sobbed as the laughter
And mirth grew higher,
"Give me rest and shelter
Beside your fire,
And I will give you
Your heart's desire."

The dreamer sat watching
His embers gleam,
While his heart was floating
Down Hope's bright stream;
So he wove her wailing
Into his dream.

The worker toiled on,
For his time was brief;
The mourner was nursing
Her own pale grief;
They heard not the promise
That brought relief.

But fiercer the tempest
Rose than before,
When the angel paused
At an humble door,
And asked for shelter
And help once more.

A weary woman,
Pale, worn and thin,
With the brand upon her
Of want and sin,
Heard the child angel
And took her in:

Took her in gently
And did her best
To dry her pinions
And make her rest,
With tender pity,
Upon her breast.

When the eastern morning
Grew bright and red,
Up the first sunbeam
The angel fled,
Having kissed the woman
And left her—dead!

MY HEROINE.—A True Story.

MRS. CRAIK.

I knew a little maid—as sweet
As any seven years' child you'll meet
In mansion grand or village street,
  However charming they be;
She'll never know of this my verse
When I her simple tale rehearse—
A cottage girl, made baby-nurse
  Unto another baby.

Till then how constant she at school!
Her tiny hands of work how full!
And never careless, never dull,
  As little scholars may be.
Her absence questioned, with cheek red
And gentle lifting of the head,
"Ma'am, I could not be spared," she said;
  "I had to mind my baby."

Her baby; oft along the lane
She'd carry it with such sweet pain
On summer holidays—full fain
  To let both work and play be.
But, at the school hour told to start,
She'd turn with sad divided heart
'Twixt scholar's wish and mother's part—
  "I cannot leave my baby!"

One day at school came rumors dire—
"Lizzie has fallen in the fire!"
And off in haste I went to inquire,
  With anxious fear o'erflowing.
For yester afternoon at prayer
My little Lizzie's face did wear
The look—how comes it, whence or where?—
  Of children who are—*going*.

And almost as if bound for flight
To say new prayers in angels' sight,
Poor Lizzie lay—so wan so white,
  So sadly idle seeming:
Her active hands now helpless bound,
Her wild eyes wandering vaguely round,
As up she started at each sound,
  Or slept, and moaned in dreaming.

Her mother gave the piteous tale:
"How that child's courage did not fail,
Or else poor baby—" She stopped, pale,
  And shed tears without number;
Then told how at the fireside warm,
Lizzie, with baby on her arm,
Slipped—threw him from her—safe from harm,
  Then fell— Here in her slumber.

Lizzie shrieked, "Take him!" and uptossed
Her poor burnt hands and seemed half lost,
Until a smile her features crossed
  As sweet as angels' may be.
"Yes, ma'am," she said, in feeble tone,
"I'm ill I know"—she hushed a moan—
"But"—here her look a queen might own—
  "But ma'am, I saved my baby!"

ANN'S ANSWER.

Said the teacher to Ann, "I wish if you can,
  You would give a more definite answer."
And Ann at once said, with a toss of the head,
  "I do just the best that I can, sir!
But why should I try—do, please, tell me why?
  (I think it's no use—not a particle,)
For I hear every day the grammar class say
  That *An's* an *in*-definite article!"

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